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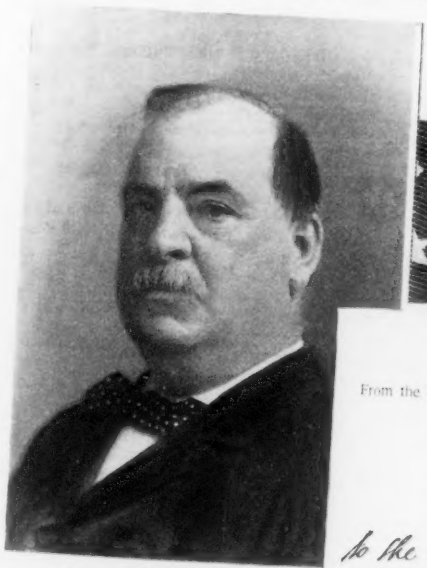

PRES^T CLEVELAND

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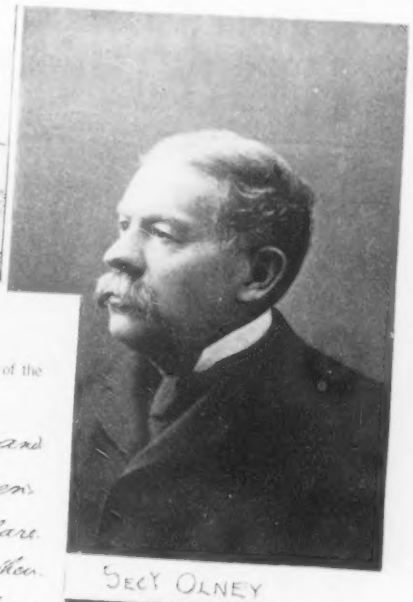
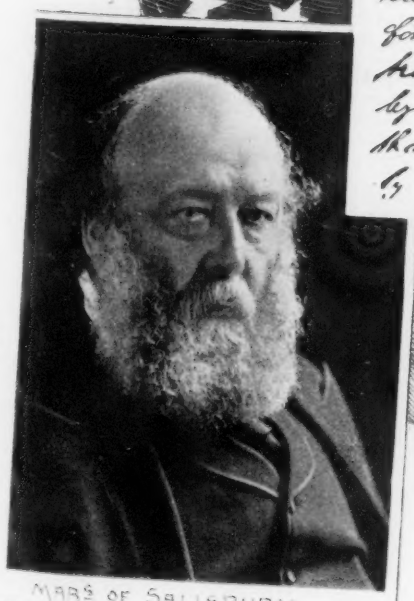


SEC^Y OLNEY

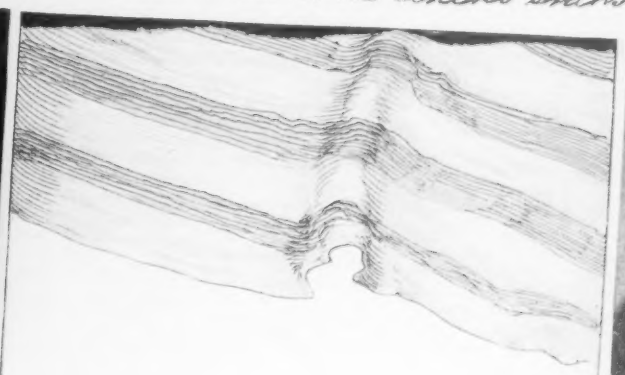
THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

From the Original Message of President Monroe as preserved in the Office of the File Clerk of the House of Representatives.

We owe it therefore to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this Hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing Colonies or Dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their Independence, and maintained it, and whose Independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.



MARQ^S OF SALISBURY



SEC^Y JOS^H CHAMBERLAIN

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE CHIEF ACTORS IN THE VENEZUELA DRAMA.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY
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PETER FENELON COLLIER,
No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

All correspondents sending us short stories, poems or other contributions will be expected to keep copies thereof, as the publisher and proprietor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY declines to be held responsible for their return. However, in all cases where stamps are enclosed for return postage the proprietor will endeavor to comply with the requests.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

☞ The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is armed collision between the United States and Great Britain necessary?

Let us hope not. There is no real necessity to resort to war if wise counsels prevail on both sides. While the gravity of the situation described by President Cleveland in his firm and patriotic Message to Congress respecting the Venezuelan boundary line must be admitted, there is still a way open to peaceful settlement without dishonor to either side.

It is true that Lord Salisbury—probably not really understanding the temper of the American people, and believing all the talk here about firm enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine to be merely political clap-trap—in a measure closed the door to peaceful adjustment by curtly declining to arbitrate. Undoubtedly this has given a serious aspect to the whole controversy, but President Cleveland's sagacious suggestion that Congress authorize an able commission to investigate the boundary dispute opens a new path to peaceful solution of the pending difficulties. There is no doubt that should such a commission find that Great Britain is wrong in her claims, Lord Salisbury would hesitate a long time before refusing to submit all points in dispute to friendly arbitration.

Great Britain would have no right to assume that our commission had not conducted its investigations with rigid impartiality, for beyond doubt the gentlemen selected for such grave duties would be above suspicion as to ability, honesty and absolute freedom from all bias. That being admitted, how could Great Britain adhere obstinately to its refusal to arbitrate? There would be only one alternative left: to wit, war with all its attendant horrors. Great Britain would not lightly choose an alternative sure to result in injury to its vast commercial interests. Nor would it care to forfeit the respect and sympathy of all the civilized Powers by stubborn persistence in its present course—even supposing no immediate war to ensue.

The duty of the press in this great crisis is to do nothing calculated to inflame national prejudices on either side. The Venezuelan question is one of law and fact, to be determined by calm investigation and deliberation. There is no need to complicate it with side issues. The American people, judging by the unanimous approval by the press of President Cleveland's Message, are determined to support our Government in the just enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. They need no urging. On this point they stand united; there are no party lines. It would be well for the English press to realize this practical unanimity of the American people, and *per consequence* to moderate its tone in discussing the Monroe Doctrine.

This paper pointed out the gravity of the Venezuelan question many months ago, and foreshadowed the serious consequences that now confront us. It explained impartially and exhaustively all the points in dispute, and the subsequent discussions, official and otherwise, have been mere repetitions of what then appeared in the columns of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. This is not stated in any boastful spirit, but a just pride is pardonable under the circumstances. Had the suggestions then thrown out been seriously adopted by our Government perhaps the present situation would not be so grave. England would have realized that the Monroe Doctrine was not "obsolete" and that it is just as applicable to the "state of things in which we live, or any changed conditions here or elsewhere," as it was during the Administration of President Monroe. As Mr. Cleveland aptly states in his Message, the Monroe Doctrine "was intended to apply to every state of our national life and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures."

The President's Message and the letters of Secretary of State Olney and Earl Salisbury will have been read by readers of the WEEKLY long before this number reaches their hands. Still, it will not be out of place to point out here the most remarkable of the very extraordinary positions assumed by the British Premier. In the first place, Lord Salisbury asserts that the boundary line claimed by his Government cannot be a subject of arbitration. Why not? Since Venezuela disputes it and seems to present excellent reasons therefor, what other mode of deciding the debatable point is preferable to arbitration? To deny this is to assert that whenever a boundary dispute arises between two Powers the line claimed by the stronger Power must necessarily be the right one.

In the second place, Lord Salisbury contends that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply in this case because this is merely a boundary dispute and does not involve any question of the extension of a European political system to America. If advancing the British frontier to such an extent as to encroach miles upon Venezuelan territory is not extending a European system in America then what would constitute an extension? As the *Tribune* very aptly states: "Seizure by Great Britain of one square mile of territory rightfully belonging to Venezuela is an act of oppression, forbidden by that (Monroe) Doctrine, just as much as the seizure of the whole Republic would be. To argue otherwise would be to say that while forgery of a check is a crime, the raising of the amount of the check is not." Now this is bringing the British contention to the *reductio ad absurdum*.

In the third place, the Schomburgk line which Great Britain refuses to yield now has not always been absolutely claimed by that Power. It was originally made without the assent of Venezuela, and was practically repudiated two years afterward by Great Britain's own assurance to Venezuela that it was merely "tentative" and that it was not intended to occupy all the ground covered by it. "Ten years after it was run," the *Tribune* states, "Great Britain solemnly agreed not to occupy any part of the unoccupied territory in dispute until the boundary question should be settled." Now if these admitted facts do not throw a cloud upon British title and imperatively demand a reference to a friendly arbitration, what case ever can claim to be settled by the friendly interposition of third parties?

In the fourth place, is not Salisbury historically inaccurate when he remarks, "As far as I am aware this Doctrine has never been before advanced on behalf of the United States in any written communication addressed to the Government of another nation"? Ah, indeed! What then was the ground of our interposition in the case of the foreign usurpation in Mexico during the Maximilian reign? Was it not that the usurpation was a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine? Assuredly it was, and the late Louis Napoleon took the hint before too late and withdrew the French support to the tottering foreign usurpation. The United States had just closed its great Civil War and was again free to give its attention to European nations meddling in the affairs of this continent. Of what consequence to the questions in dispute now whether the request to get out was specifically mentioned or not in the form of written communications to France or Austria?

Democrats are much dissatisfied with the reorganization of the Senate Committees. On many of the leading committees the Republicans proposed to have a majority of two instead of one, which has been the custom for many years, on such committees; but in answer to objections the Republicans concluded to restore the old rule. There was some talk of Democratic obstruction unless more consideration were shown in the matter of minority and majority representation. But it is likely the Senators will not again brave public opinion, by holding back while the House is ready for business.

Isaac Bassett, the assistant doorkeeper of the Senate, died at Washington December 18, after an illness that first showed itself in June. He had been in the public service since the days of Webster; one of the oldest inhabitants of Washington; had seen the city advance from its primitive days to the grand city it is to-day; many of the greatest men of our national history had been attended by him in their last moments; his death is in the nature of a personal bereavement to many distinguished Senators who had more than ordinary friendship for him. It had been his duty on many occasions to announce the receipt of a President's Message to the Senate, and to turn back the hands of the Senate clock to give a few additional minutes for the transaction of business before final adjournment. His courtesy was marked and unvarying, and he had received the honorary title of Captain.

In the death of Allan G. Thurman the United States mourns one of the most exceptionally faultless of public men, whose high character and great abilities are even more admirable for their own sake than for the public services of great moment that he always performed with a thoroughness and unflinching integrity that earned for him the apt title of the Old Roman. He will be remembered for his long contest against the privileges of an unearned concession to the Pacific Railroads—and posterity will see the wisdom of Senator Thurman's course when the lands that these roads now hold are withheld with an ever tightening grasp away from the people. The great statesman spent his later years in seclusion; and with rare good taste had little to say about public affairs or in criticism of public men, after he gave up the public station. His son, Allan W. Thurman, is a worthy successor; and is believed to have a bright future before him. As good a tribute as can be paid to the dead is perhaps contained in the expression of the hope that the son may live to show a share of his father's usefulness to his country.

The American Federation of Labor, whose annual convention in this city closed last week, has done an important work, steered clear of many difficulties and opened the way for another step forward on the part of organized labor throughout the country. The representative of the WEEKLY, who attended the sessions of the Federation, received the most courteous treatment, for which thanks are hereby tendered. The plan of Joint-Stock Labor Unions was brought to the attention of delegates, but the Committee on Resolutions thought it inexpedient to act on the scheme at present. It was officially recommended, however, for the careful study of the members of the convention. A full report of the proceedings will be found on another page.

Italy is not having a very smooth time, after all, with her Abysinnian War, despite the fact that the military operations have been conducted, on the whole, quite creditably. It develops now that the war appropriations asked for and received by the Crispi Ministry are not sufficient. Ex-Premier Rudini declared in the Chamber of Deputies on the 18th inst. that he always kept the peace with Abysinnia because war was too expensive; that the present Ministry would have the same experience. It is believed that, with all his boasting and his grandiose programme for Italian greatness, Signor Crispi is gradually losing his hold on his majority in the Chamber.

Mr. Woodman of Illinois has introduced in the House a very salutary bill to prevent the adulteration of beer and ale by the use of substitutes for hops. Mr. Shuford of North Carolina introduced a bill prohibiting the further issue of bonds. Mr. Sulzer of New York, in response to a strong movement in that direction headed by Senator Hill in the Empire State, has presented a carefully drawn bill providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. And the free coinage people have begun practical operations with a bill formally providing for the free coinage of gold and silver at the present ratio of 16 to 1, and another one prohibiting discrimination between the metals in liquidating the coin obligations of the Government. These and other measures will wait until after the Venezuela business is definitely disposed of; but they will be vigorously pushed.

The General Term of the Supreme Court of New York has decided that bottles behind a bar are not a proof that liquor is being sold. Saloon-Keeper James Owens was arrested Sunday, June 30, for violation of the excise law. The arrest was made by a policeman who could not get in through the door, and forced his way in through a window of the saloon where he found Owens behind the bar with his sleeves rolled up and his apron on. He was convicted in General Sessions on the ground that exposing liquors for sale on Sunday is a misdemeanor. A new trial is ordered by the higher court on the ground that Owens was convicted on insufficient evidence.

The strike of four thousand tailors against the renewal of alleged oppressive tactics by the contractors in this city has led to turbulent and violent scenes. As usual both sides are claiming victory. An early settlement is expected.

Two weeks ago I asserted in these columns that a collision between Great Britain and the United States over Venezuela seemed imminent. The President's special Message to Congress on the 17th inst. takes the firm stand that Great Britain must not despoil Venezuela, and that this country will use force if necessary to prevent it. The Message is strong, clear, a model of connected composition, broadly American, and strictly within the lines of international law itself.

President Cleveland maintains that the Monroe Doctrine is sound because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation; that European aggression on the smaller States of the New World is as dangerous to our peace and safety as the predominance of any one of the European nations is to the balance of power there; that as we do not meddle to disturb that balance of power, European nations must not meddle with the New World, by conquest of territory from weaker States; that the Monroe Doctrine, though not specifically a part of international law, is based nevertheless on this nation's right to defend and protect itself and its vital interests—a right which international law has always recognized.

Thus fortified, the President proceeds to the matter in hand. This Government tried to learn whether Great Britain really intended to despoil Venezuela; and to that end we proposed that the long-standing Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute be referred to arbitration. The reply sent to our friendly proposal—and indeed the final answer to all our efforts at peaceful interposition for many years, in the same quarter—is that England refuses to arbitrate, and practically tells us that the Venezuela-Guiana tangle is none of our concern.

The President, therefore, proposes that a commission be appointed by himself to inquire into the merits of the case—supposing, of course, that Venezuela still resists the British claim. If such commission report in favor of Venezuela in the matter, it will be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power any attempt by Great Britain to occupy territory that of right belongs to the smaller Power. The President realizes that this may mean war; but even that is preferable to "a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which is shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness"; though he would rather "contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being in friendly competition in the onward march of civilization."

There are always croakers, and dissenting voices and a few people who know everybody else is wrong; but the great millions of the American people will back the President in this manly and altogether straight American Message. Grover Cleveland is President of the United States and not of the Democratic party. The Message can mean war, only if an injustice is intended by Great Britain; and should we not fight in that case? The Monroe Doctrine is now for the first time put forward as a tenable corollary of international law; and the United States is indebted to President Cleveland and Secretary Olney for a masterly and unanswerable presentation of it, as based on the first right of a nation—the right of self-defense, even in matters outside of her own territory.

The Message is sufficiently temperate to suit the most timid. We have to wait until the commission reports before we can do anything. If, after all, it is found that the British claim is tenable, what then? We will have made good our claim to know that injustice is not successfully attempted on this continent by any European Power; and the Monroe Doctrine will stand on this continent the full and recognized equal of that great European international necessity, the Balance of Power. President Cleveland's latest Message has started to make history and some new international law at the same time.

The Virginia Legislature was the first to give official sanction to the sentiment that the United States must protect Venezuela from the alleged spoliations of Great Britain. Virginia is not unaccustomed to the sight of war; and it was one of her sons, President Monroe, who gave us the famous doctrine that is now probably to be tested, in the face of the opposition of other nations besides Great Britain.

A dinner was given at the Hotel Netherland on the 18th inst. by Lafayette Post G. A. R. in honor of General Miles, on his recent elevation to the head of the army. The affair was made the occasion for a delightful interchange of views, and some very pleasant narratives by General Miles touching his recent trip through the South. Governor Coffin of Connecticut was present with his staff, and took occasion to remark that the National Guard of this country was strong enough to cope with any danger that might arise.

Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society, sent a cablegram from Boston to Lord Salisbury calling attention to the fact that this country prefers arbitration and peace, while Great Britain seems to prefer war. As head of the Peace Society Mr. Paine finds, of course, that this country is living up to the exact letter of the professions so often made by both countries—and especially by England.

The Turkish Treasury is empty, and the Ministers have been called together to do something, as the Ottoman Bank has refused to furnish any more money, on assignments of revenue. The Sultan has received two threatening letters, and there is much uneasiness about the Yildiz palace.

Two large Clyde shipbuilding firms have seceded from the union of the shipbuilding masters, and announced that they will reopen their yards upon the terms demanded by their employees, who have of late been locked out in pursuance of the agreement between the Belfast and Clyde master shipbuilders, the employees of the former being on strike. The change is regarded as the beginning of the end of a long struggle, and a victory for organized labor in Great Britain.

Excluded from the United States mail last week were the circulars of a Chicago firm offering to sell alleged mechanical devices for cheating at cards—a practice said to be in bad odor in official circles at the Nation's Capital and among the *elite* of Chicago; also an alleged newspaper styled the *American Patriot*, emanating from this city.

The question of Republican leadership in this city has been decided rather emphatically. The returns of District Assembly Conventions held on the 18th show eighty-seven Platt and forty-five anti-Platt delegates.

By a most distressing accident on the new ocean liner "St. Paul," nine unfortunate seamen were killed while the vessel was at her dock, December 18, ready to sail. The main steampipe in the starboard engine-room burst just inside the bulkhead that separates the engine and boiler-rooms, filling the room instantly with active steam and killing five of the men immediately. As a result of the break, the "St. Paul" was laid up for three weeks.

The Lasell Seminary girls of Auburndale, Mass., have sent Clara Barton a subscription of over one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the Armenian Relief Fund. The amount was raised after a missionary meeting in the chapel, Sunday, the 15th inst., which was addressed by Mr. Gulesian, secretary of the Society of the United Friends of Armenia. The young ladies' example is likely to be followed quite generally throughout New England.

Mr. Allen Thomas of Florida, who has just been confirmed as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela, will probably not have a sinecure at Caracas, unless things take a turn for the better.

The new Federal Court of Private Land Claims is composed of Joseph R. Reed of Iowa, Chief Justice, and Wilbur K. Stone of Colorado, Henry C. Sluss of Kansas, William W. Murray of Tennessee and Thomas C. Fuller of North Carolina, Associate Justices. The work to be done is of the utmost importance, and the first results will be looked forward to with interest. Claims for land against the Government have hitherto been the source of much needless annoyance and expense to all parties concerned; and the special court is expected to give the much needed relief.

Property owners along Broadway have appeared by counsel before the Rapid Transit Commission to protest against the underground system. Chief Engineer William Barclay Parsons stated, in reply to objections, that the foundations of the big buildings on Broadway are below the proposed depth of the tunnel, and would not be affected at all. The work would not interfere with traffic. Arrangements would be made for the men to work below, while the surface would be closed with a solid roadway of planks.

David F. Hannigan, who was recently acquitted of the charge of murder in killing Solomon Mann, the betrayer of his sister, will not be released from the asylum at Poughkeepsie, in which he is confined, until he has undergone a searching trial before the Supreme Court. A writ of habeas corpus failed to secure his release at Poughkeepsie on the 18th, and he had to go back to the Hudson River State Hospital. Hannigan says he has no plans for the future; that he has been busy making plans, but they amount to nothing.

A pardon was asked last week at Harrisburg for John Bardsley, ex-City Treasurer of Philadelphia, on the ground that he accounted for all the funds in his possession at the time and was not an embezzler, the cause of the loss being the failure of the Spring Garden and Keystone Banks. The Board of Pardons refused to grant the petition and Bardsley is likely to serve out his term of imprisonment, despite the efforts in his behalf of many influential people who insist that public sentiment in the Keystone State has come to look upon him as the victim of other men's dishonesty.

UNION IN DANGER.

THE English press and politicians who hastened to denounce President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message as only a bit of political manœuvering must now understand how unanimous our people can be in an emergency like the present.

Approval of the President's course has not been confined to members of his own party. Even his bitterest political opponents express their warmest admiration and respect. The reading of the Message in both Houses of Congress was marked by enthusiastic cheers—if anything a shade more pronounced on the Republican than on the Democratic side.

Senator Chandler, who introduced the following resolution to strengthen our army, is a Republican of the Republicans:

"That the President be and he is hereby authorized and directed to strengthen the military armament by adding thereto, equipped for use, one million infantry rifles, one thousand guns for field artillery, and not exceeding five thousand heavy guns for fortifications, to be procured by manufacture in the arsenals or by contract for manufacture, or by direct purchase in this country or elsewhere, according to the discretion of the President, who shall conform, when practicable, without unwise delay, to the methods prescribed for making contracts and purchases by existing laws. The sum of one hundred million dollars is hereby appropriated to carry into effect the provisions of this act."

Congressman Hitt of Illinois, who introduced the resolution appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for the expenses of the Boundary Commission recommended by President Cleveland, is also a thorough Republican. Instead of being a mere party move, as the English press seems to imagine, this Message from the President is a deliberate act of statesmanship rendered absolutely necessary for the reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine. In a case like this there are no party lines. All unite to support the nation's Executive.

Still let us hope that the appeal to arms may not be necessary—that calm review of the case may enable the British Premier to reconsider his unwise determination to decline friendly arbitration, and that the hitherto friendly relations between our country and England may not be disturbed. The report of the Boundary Commission cannot be made for a long time yet, and meanwhile the present excitement may abate. But preparations for the gravest emergency should be continued meanwhile. Whether hostilities are to result or not, as the outcome of the present deplorable situation, the best guarantee for peace always is to be amply prepared for war. We need better coast defenses and a stronger navy, no matter what may happen.

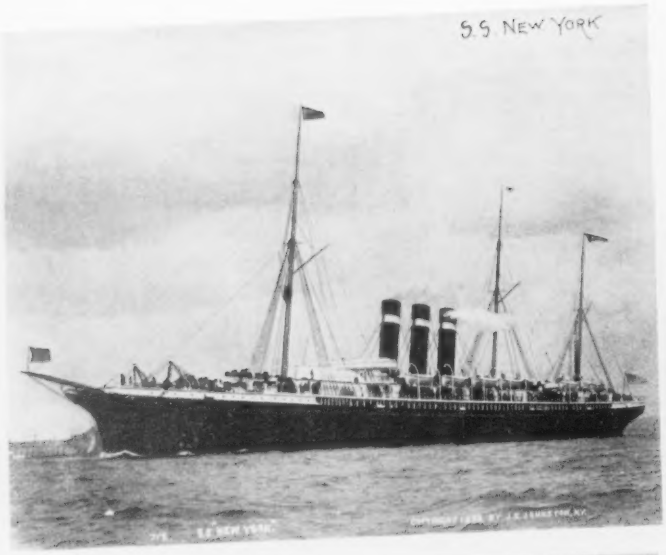
According to advices just received at Port Townsend, Wash., the people of Alaska are divided into two factions over the enforcement of the liquor laws, which are intended to absolutely prohibit the sale of intoxicants in the Territory. On one side are about nine-tenths of the people, who favor the sale of liquor, and on the other are one-tenth and the Government. The drys are ahead so far, as all the saloon-keepers and liquor dealers were indicted by the Grand Jury last week.

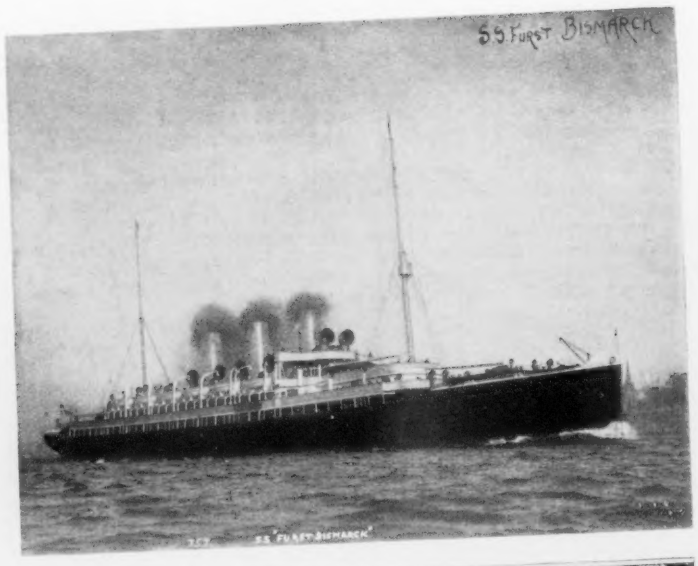
The commercial treaty between this country and England, known as the Jay Treaty, because negotiated by John Jay, was one hundred years old December 19, and merchants from all parts of the country celebrated the centennial at Delmonico's with an elaborate banquet.

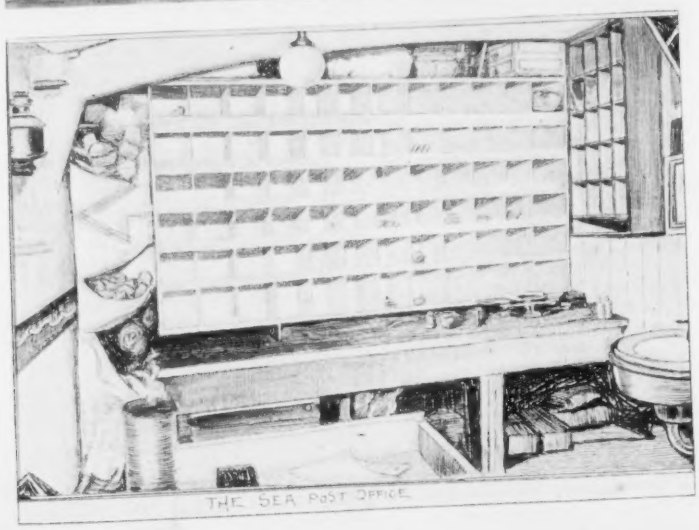
Herr Ahlwardt has met with more success than was expected owing to the serious mistake the Hebrews are making by taking so much notice of him. At his opening meeting he was greeted with eggs and other missiles.

MRS. CROKER'S GREAT NOVEL.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S charming story of "Old Mr. Tredgold" is brought to a close in the third volume which accompanies the present number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It will be followed two weeks later by the long-promised novel entitled "Married or Single," by Mrs. Croker. This is one of the best, if not the very best, of the bright pictures of English life which the gifted author has given to the public within the last ten years. Every reader of fiction is familiar with Mrs. Croker's graphic descriptions of Indian life and adventures of army officers in England's distant empire. In "Married or Single" she changes the scene and ventures upon almost a new line of fiction. In her attempt to analyze the deeper passions Mrs. Croker displays an unsuspected power and a knowledge of human nature that will greatly enhance her reputation. The glimpses of happy and unhappy boarding-school life in England cannot fail to interest the younger readers of the WEEKLY in an especial manner, while the portrayal of the hard-headed, arrogant and ill-bred Australian capitalist, anxious to ally his daughter with a title at any cost, and of the struggles of that daughter to shake off the allurements of luxurious surroundings for the sake of duty calling her elsewhere will commend themselves to the more mature as faithful photographs of scenes to be met with in the higher circles of London society. The young husband's character is drawn with remarkable skill, and indeed all the character sketches are marked by the cunning of a master hand.







OUR OCEAN POST-OFFICES.—(See page 6.)

A LATE ARRIVAL.

AN INTERLOPER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. M. ROSSI.

THAT CHRISTMAS; OR, MRS. DANVERS' MISTAKE.

BY THE REV. R. G. SOANS, B.A.

(Conclusion.)

EAGERLY she darted to the letter, and hurriedly tore away the envelope. Then she paused, trembling, irresolute. What a mean, dishonorable, unwifely thing she was going to do! Pry into her husband's secrets! read his private letters! It was evident he did not wish her to know the contents of these letters. Should she disobey his wishes, albeit unspoken? "Love, honor and obey?" Yes; she had promised all that. And love implied trust. True, but there should be trust on both sides. He had ceased to confide in her all the history of his life—why should she be more tied?

Besides, she must know the worst at once, if worst there were. She could not exist with this mystery unsolved. Better for both of them that she should know the truth at once.

There can be but one result of parleying with evil; and that is, being overcome by it.

Laura's wrong feelings triumphed in the end, and she read the letter, which was to stop or confirm her suspicions.

It was very short.

"Barton, *Dec.* 22, 1880.

"DEAR MR. DANVERS—Can you meet me for a few moments on Thursday? This time in the embankment gardens, near Charing Cross, Metropolitan Station? I shall be expecting you at eleven.

"Yours sincerely, MARY DAVIES."

It was a very simple, innocent letter, but Laura for the time being was incapable of calm, unprejudiced reasoning. She would not believe that it could be simple and innocent. Carried away by her jealous suspicions, she saw in these few lines the amplest confirmation of her fears. George no longer loved her.

"Meet me this time." How many meetings had taken place already? How often had "*she*" been expecting him? Oh, the thought was unbearable! Eleven o'clock on Thursday. Why, that was to-morrow, Christmas Eve! George's brief holiday began on that day, and she had suggested he could help her with a few preparations for Christmas if he would stay at home; but he had asked her to manage without him, saying that a certain engagement and private work of his own at the office would occupy him all day, and prevent his being able to do as she wished. Yes, an engagement with the writer of this letter, and perhaps work for her!

Then an idea flashed across Laura's mind. She would contrive to see this meeting between the two. Never mind the preparations for Christmas festivities. Her life's happiness was at stake. She would see with her own eyes this Mary Davies, whose business with her husband was of such an important and serious nature. Then she would be able to decide upon her future line of conduct.

In the interval between that moment and the next morning Laura tried to appear as calm and cheerful as she usually was in George's presence, but it was a terrible time for her.

"You look dreadfully pale, Laura; are you not well?" George anxiou-ly inquired more than once; for he could not help noticing a change in her appearance and manners. But Laura assured him she felt quite well, and with this assurance he was obliged to be content. She had been too busy, he thought; it was just as well the work was nearly over.

The next morning, after he had gone out, Laura ran upstairs, and quickly dressed herself in her oldest dress, an old waterproof cloak, a little insignificant hat, and a thick black veil, for she did not want to be recognized by her husband. Then, seizing an opportunity when both the maids were out of the way, she ran downstairs, and hastily left the house. A few minutes later she had taken the train for Charing Cross, and, on arriving there, hastened down to the embankment. She was afraid, however, even in her disguise, to enter the Gardens, and so she began to wander slowly round the railings just outside, hoping that, even there, she might succeed in seeing something of the interview between her husband and the writer of the letters which had done so much to disturb her peace of mind.

She was not disappointed. For there, slowly pacing along a path which led almost close to the railings, was George in company with a young lady. They came nearer, and Laura got a full view of her. She was tall, and fair, blue-eyed, with a slender, graceful figure, and she was apparently about twenty years of age.

Laura felt stunned to see the loveliness of the girl who had stolen her husband's heart from herself. For she had no doubt now about that.

Presently the two stood still, and the girl held out her little gloved hand to George, and looked up to him, with a glance of evident interest in the conversation which had taken place.

Laura could stand no more. With throbbing heart and trembling lips she hurried away to the station, and took the first train to Chiswick.

Arrived there, she told her housemaid to go round to the guests who had been invited, and say that business prevented her being able to receive them that evening, and that the dinner must perforce be postponed. Then she gathered together, unseen, a few articles of clothing, which she placed in a black bag. Sitting down at her writing-table, she next wrote these few lines to her husband:

"George, I know all! May you never know half the misery you have caused me."

Then, with a sob of agony, she sealed the note, and rang the bell.

"Give this to your master when he comes home this evening," she said to the dismayed cook, who was thinking of all her fruitless toil over the preparations for the dinner which would never be eaten. "I am obliged to go away, and this note will explain to him how it is."

"Yes, miss, but what—" Her mistress had gone!

Two hours later Laura was in her old home at Barton.

"Why, Laura!" cried her mother, as the two met in the hall. "This is an unexpected pleasure! Have you come alone? And—and—why—what shabby old things you are wearing! Come to the light, and let me look at you! How pale and ill you look! And yet they say Chiswick air is so good. Crying! Why, my dear child, what's the matter?"

"I've—I've something to tell you," sobbed Laura.

"Have you? Well, dear, come upstairs first, and take your things off," said the mother, tenderly, thinking that thus she would have time to calm herself before talking about her trouble, whatever it might be.

Then she anxiously followed her daughter upstairs.

"Now, dear, tell me what is the matter," she said, when Laura had taken off her shabby disguise, and bathed her eyes and face. "Sit down, for I'm sure you look tired."

Laura mechanically obeyed, and sat down in an attitude of the utmost dejection, while her mother stood looking at her gravely.

"I have left George," said Laura, in low, tremulous tones, casting her eyes down to the ground.

"Left George!" cried Mrs. Grey in tones of the utmost astonishment. "Why, what has he been doing?"

Then Laura sobbed out her piteous story, and as she did so her mother looked considerably relieved.

"Is that all?" she quietly asked, when her daughter ceased speaking.

"Yes, that's all," replied the young wife, chilled at her mother's manner of receiving her dreadful news; "isn't that enough?"

"If that's all, Laura, you have shown a lamentable want of common sense," cried her mother, "and you certainly don't deserve that George should take you back. In the first place, you had no business to read his letter."

"There should be no secrets between us," retorted Laura.

"Don't talk nonsense," replied her mother. "You a professional man's daughter, too! I wonder how many secrets your poor dear father keeps from me."

"Yes, about his parishioners," faltered Laura.

"Of course, and hasn't George got clients? Haven't you heard your father say scores of times that the first duty of a clergyman, a doctor and a lawyer is to learn to hold his tongue?"

"But why doesn't George meet his clients in his office?" persisted Laura, still anxious to put her husband in the wrong and exonerate herself.

"My dear child, how can I tell you? You've married a clever man; so no doubt he has some very good reasons for what he has done."

Poor Laura! She had come home with her heart almost breaking with the weight of her wrongs, expecting to find sympathy and countenance from her mother, but, instead of that, it was George who received all the pity! Her tears began to flow afresh.

"I thought you would feel for me," said Laura, as soon as she could speak for sobs.

"So I should if you deserved it," said her mother, quietly; "but I think you have behaved not only foolishly but wickedly—foolishly in going out of your way to find the worst constructions for actions that may have the simplest explanations, and wickedly in showing yourself so jealous and suspicious, and so utterly wanting in trust to your husabnd."

Laura began to look rather ashamed of herself, and her mother continued:

"Haven't you heard your father say scores of times that *the simplest explanation of a mystery* is *generally the safest and truest?* Now listen. George gets a letter from a lady. Well, can't you believe it is a purely business matter, addressed to him at his house, and not at the offices, because he has it specially in hand, and not the whole firm? He has certain meetings with a lady. Can't you imagine that it is her business, not his, that makes them necessarily private? But instead of using your common sense, and showing a little confidence in your husband, you conjure up all sorts of dreadful evils and then end by flying from your home. Laura, I'm ashamed of you. Your father and I have always feared you might get into trouble through your hasty, jealous temper."

Laura was too conscience-stricken to attempt any reply. She began to realize how foolish and wicked she had been, and she did love her husband sincerely.

"What have you said to George?" asked her mother, after a little while, in which she had been thinking how best she could repair the mischief Laura had done by her hasty conduct.

"I left a—a—letter for him—at home," gasped Laura.

"Oh, then you haven't had it out with him?" said Mrs. Grey. "Now I know what to do."

Hastily leaving the room, Mrs. Grey sent off a telegram to George at his office, saying he was to come to Barton immediately—that Laura was there, and had arranged that the dinner should be postponed. Then she sent another telegram to her daughter's cook, telling her to post the letter to her master, left by her mistress, to him at Barton, Kent, by the next post. Replies to each telegram were requested.

They were both satisfactory. George was on his way to Barton; cook had posted the letter as requested.

"Now, Laura," said her mother, when her labors were thus successfully ended, "I have done all I can to put matters right. You must do the rest. George will be here in an hour or two. Your letter to him will come in the morning, but he need never receive it, unless you wish."

Poor Laura thanked her mother in a few incoherent words, and then fell to weeping afresh. What a sad Christmas Eve she was having! And she had meant to be so happy!

Mrs. Grey went up to the weeping girl, tenderly embraced her, and whispered: "Laura, ask God to forgive you; and tell George everything. He will forgive you, too."

Two hours later young Danvers arrived. On entering the drawing-room he found Laura alone.

As soon as she saw him she started from her seat, and rushing toward him threw herself into his arms.

"George, dear," she cried, in trembling tones, "I have been very foolish and wicked. I—I—persuaded myself you didn't love me any longer. Can you forgive me for doubting you?—but let me tell you all first."

"No, Laura," whispered her husband, tenderly, pressing her still more closely to his heart. "I only want to hear now that your doubts are gone, and the old love has all come back."

Laura put her arms round his neck, and, drawing his head toward her face, gently touched his cheek with her lips.

"It is always easy to forgive those we love," whispered George. Then he returned her kiss.

* * * * * * * *

That was a very happy Christmas for the Danvers, after all. And, some few months afterward, they were both present at a wedding where the bride, looking lovelier than ever, was *George's former client.*

Family differences had prevented Miss Gordon from being able to see her lawyer at his office in town; but, after Laura had confessed—for, after all, she insisted on confessing the whole story of her miserable jealousy to her husband—he had quietly arranged that the next interview between himself and his fair client should take place at his home, and, when the business was settled, he had called in his wife and introduced her. That was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two; and of course Laura had to be at the wedding, with her husband, to whose able services the young couple owed the comfortable income which enabled them to marry so early in life.

Laura never afterward needed to be reminded that, in any mystery or worry, which is hard to understand, the simplest explanation and the most charitable one is *always the best.*

THE SEA POST-OFFICE.

UNCLE SAM'S UNIQUE POST-OFFICES ON THE OCEAN.

BY BURY IRWIN DASENT.

IT was sailing day at the American Line docks. That "greyhound of the ocean," the steamship "New York," was ready to sail. Passengers and their multitudinous friends crowded the gangways leading to the ship's deck, truckmen hurriedly wheeled their loads of trunks along the dock, and all was bustle and apparent confusion. In ten minutes the great ship would, like a hound slipping its leash, cast adrift the taughtened cables which hold her to the pier, and slip out into the stream to begin her voyage.

The minutes passed. The monster marine fabric strained impatiently at her hawsers, for her twin propellers were churning up the muddy waters of the Hudson. The last cry of "all aboard" had been sounded, when down the pier a wagon dashed. The horses were reined up at the gangway, the doors thrown open and men in the uniform of the Post-Office Department hurled several mail-bags on board the ship.

It was Uncle Sam's supplemental foreign mail.

At the gangway a young man in uniform checked the numbers of the mail pouches as they came aboard. That completed, he signed a receipt for the mails and then scurried on board, for the hawsers had been loosened and the "New York" had already begun to draw out of her berth.

The youthful official was not one of the "New York's" officers, for the front of his uniform cap bore the United States shield, and underneath the shield this inscription: "U. S. SEA POST-OFFICE."

He was postmaster of one of Uncle Sam's unique ocean post-offices.

Comparatively few persons, outside of the postal service, are aware that the United States maintains post-offices on board many of the swift transatlantic liners, and that letters may be posted in mid-ocean which will be forwarded to their destinations with all the dispatch which is characteristic of the postal service of the United States.

The Sea Post Service is to the Post-Office Department what the Engineer's Corps is to the Army. There is sharp competition among the Department employees for this assignment to duty on board one of "the greyhounds of the ocean," for the officer in charge of the ocean post takes rank with the higher officers of the ship, and enjoys all the privileges accorded a first-class passenger. He performs no other duties than those pertaining to his office; is his own master, so far as regards the disposition of his time on shipboard, and when the big ocean liner is resting in port, at the close of each trip, he may take advantage of such opportunities to remain on shore until his ship is again ready to sail.

His duties are not onerous, and he is not left entirely to his own resources, for he has assistants in the postal representative of the nation with which the special service is maintained.

The sea post-office is entirely an American institution, and it may be interesting to learn the beginnings of the system. The authority for inaugurating this special service was given by Congress on June 30, 1890. Postmaster-General John Wanamaker authorized Mr. William Potter of Philadelphia to present the subject of sea post-offices, and the advantages which would accrue in point of expediting the dispatch and delivery of correspondence by adopting the practice of distributing the mails for and from foreign countries on board the conveying steamships, while in transit, to the postal administrations of Great Britain, Germany and France.

The result of Mr. Potter's negotiations was that, while the postal administrations of Great Britain and France declined to enter into the arrangement, for the reason given that no material advantage would inure in those countries because the mails were distributed on board the trains which ran between the ports of landing and the offices of London and Paris, respectively, the German postal administration entered heartily into the scheme, and made immediate arrangements with the North German Lloyd Steamship Company from Bremen and the Hamburg American Packet Company from Hamburg for the establishing of sea post-offices on the ships of these lines.

It was decided that the officials appointed be one-half from the United States and one-half from Germany, and that the total expense of the service be divided equally between the two countries.

Post-offices were accordingly established on board the steamships "Aller," "Ems," "Havel," "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," "Lahn," "Saale," "Spree," "Trave,"

"Elbe" and "Werra" of the North German Lloyd Company; and the "Augusta Victoria," "Columbia," "Fuerst Bismarck" and "Normania" of the Hamburg American Packet Company.

On the trip from Germany the sea post-office is essentially a German post-office and the United States official acts as an assistant to the officer who represents the Imperial German Post-Office, and is under his direction until the steamship arrives in American waters. Before the pilot comes over the side the mail is closed, the United States official gives a receipt to his German colleague for all the mail on board, and from that moment he becomes the responsible head of the office, and as such delivers the mail to the postmaster of New York. He continues in charge throughout the stay of the ship in New York, and on the return trip, relinquishing his responsibility only when German waters are reached.

Upon arrival in New York Harbor each clerk in charge of an ocean post-office reports in person to the postmaster, and thereafter every twenty-four hours while his ship remains in port. At the present time the immediate supervision of the sea post-offices is delegated by Postmaster Dayton to Michael H. Boyle, assistant superintendent of the Foreign Mail Service of the New York Post-Office. The sea post service, as a whole, is under the direction of Captain N. M. Brooks, of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General's staff, at Washington.

Notwithstanding the refusal of the British postal authorities to enter into the scheme of a sea post with the United States, on the plea that there was ample time to assort the mails from America during the two hours' run of the mail trains from Southampton to London, the postal authorities of this country determined to extend the service to steamers conveying the mails between England and the United States, and on February 22, 1893, simultaneously with the naturalization of the steamships "Paris" and "New York" of the International Navigation Company—or the "American Line," as it is more popularly known—these "greyhounds of the ocean" were fitted with sea post-offices, for the maintenance of which the United States bears the entire expense. Of course the full benefit of the sea post cannot be secured on these ships, for the reason that the mails conveyed to this country by these steamers are very light, the full mails being dispatched by the steamers under contract with the British Government, and that of the mails dispatched from this country, those for Great Britain are not distributed because the British postal department has declined to furnish the assistance necessary to that end—the result being that the clerks in charge of the sea post-offices on the American Line ships have little or no duties to perform on the passage from New York to Southampton, although on the return trip to New York they assort the foreign mail destined for the United States. Thus it happens that the appointment to one of these ships is regarded in the Post-Office Department as a particularly easy berth, and is eagerly sought after.

Experience has shown that the sea post-office is one of the most valuable and indispensable features of our Foreign Mail Service. It has won the commendation of the postmaster of the port of New York and of the postmasters of all the great inland cities, and it has proved a veritable boon to the business communities of these centres, demonstrating to them practical proof of the value of this application of the railway post-office principle to ocean steamers in the actual expedition of letters and remittances crossing the ocean; for by an intelligent, rapid system of separation, familiar to railway postal clerks, all articles in the mails, between the United States and such foreign countries as the sea post-office is operated in conjunction with, are carefully distributed, so that at the termination of the voyage they can be immediately delivered or forwarded to inland destinations. This effects a saving of from two to fourteen hours at the New York Post-Office. Trunk line connections at the metropolis have also been secured, by which from four to twenty-four hours have been gained in the delivery of inland mail along the direct lines, and from two or three days to a week at points served by branch railroad and star route lines. Business men in Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cincinnati are enabled to return replies by the same steamships from which they receive their foreign communications.

Since the establishing of the sea post-offices the closing of the outward-bound mail does not now take place in New York until ten minutes of sailing time, and this innovation has proved to be of so great convenience that the postmaster at New York has recently been authorized to assign, after the close of the supplemental mail at the post-office, a clerk provided with a mail-bag at the gangway of each outgoing steamer to receive letters, bearing the necessary postage, which are turned over by him to the care of the clerk in charge of the sea post-office on board, while the steamer's lines are being cast off.

The sea post-offices on the ships carrying the mails between the United States and Germany are frequently taxed to their utmost capacity, especially on the westward trips where an average of one hundred and ten thousand letters and postal-cards are distributed, beside a huge amount of printed matter averaging one hundred and twenty-five sacks. The greater volume of the mails from Germany which is handled by the sea post-offices, as compared with the mails from the United States, may be accounted for, in part, by the fact that articles for Germany are dispatched from this country by the vessel which will deliver them soonest at destination, whether that vessel sails for Great Britain or Germany, whereas articles for the United States are dispatched for Germany almost exclusively by vessels of the North German Lloyd or the Hamburg American Packet Companies.

The sea post-office has realized the highest expectations of its utility, while suggesting still greater possibilities of practical value; and one of these is a scheme which, when consummated, will still further increase the effectiveness of this novel system of post-offices on the ocean. This newest idea is the equipment of a steamboat, similar in size to those in use in customs service, which will meet incoming steamships carrying mail, and, under supervision of the Health Officer of the Port, will take off the foreign mails as soon as the ship enters the harbor. It frequently happens that ships are delayed several hours, waiting perhaps to be passed by the port physicians, and then there are one or two hours necessarily lost before the ship reaches her dock. There are sometimes fifteen hundred pouches of mails on a single steamer, and among them hundreds of pouches for the Southern and Western States—pouches that should not be hauled to the New York Post-Office and then distributed, but which could be distributed from the mail boat proposed, and which could carry them direct to the railroad trains, the Jersey City ferries and the Forty-second Street depot of the New York Central Railroad being reached with equal ease. Postmaster Dayton of New York is deeply interested in the furtherance of this latest project for the extension of the sea post service and it is believed the scheme will be speedily realized.

Although the Government of France at first declined to enter into the sea post-office scheme, because of its expense and for other reasons advanced by the Director of the French postal system, negotiations are now in progress between the two nations looking toward the establishment of sea post-offices between New York and Havre, on board the ships of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, and it is expected that this new branch of the sea post system will be in operation before January 1, 1896. With the establishment of this branch, the service will be complete as regards the great nations with which the United States maintains extensive correspondence.

Various influences, political and otherwise, are constantly brought to bear upon the Post-Office Department at Washington to secure the appointment of persons directly from civil life to positions in the sea post service, but the Department has invariably refused to make any exceptions to the regulations adopted at the inception of the system—that all appointments to this special duty be made from employees in the railway mail service who are distinguished by their ability and general excellence of character and attainments. The candidates selected are usually men under thirty years of age, and before being assigned to a ship they are put through a thorough course of instruction at the New York Post-Office, in the particular routine of duty required in the sea post-office, mainly by means of drilling at the cases used in the examinations of men for the classified service; for it is necessary that the sea post-office clerk shall possess a thorough knowledge of all the exchange post-offices of the United States, and be able to classify the mails for New York City according to its postal districts and branch offices; the mails for banking institutions are also classified. Altogether the sea post-office clerk must be a man possessing a wide knowledge of not merely one State or section of the country, but of the entire Union. Their pay and position place them in the grade with the men in charge of the cars of the railway mail service, but their actual position is infinitely better and their responsibilities greater. The sea post-office clerk must be a man whose appearance shall be creditable to the country he serves, and in furtherance of this idea a distinctive uniform was ordered for the corps, on September 1, 1895, which consists of a suit of navy-blue with gilt buttons and a uniform cap bearing the inscription—

U. S. SEA P. OFFICE.

The sea post officer on board the steamship "New York" occupies the head of a table in the first cabin passenger saloon, precisely as does the first officer of the ship.—(See page 4.)

WOODSTOWN.

Translated from the French of Daudet.

BY REUBEN B. DAVENPORT.

IT was a superb place in which to build a city. It was only necessary to clear away a part of the forest along the margin of the river, of that immense virgin forest which had been rooted there since the nativity of the world. Then, sheltered all around by wooded hills, the city would stretch down to the wharves, along the magnificent harbor, established at the mouth of the Red River, only a few miles from the sea.

No sooner had the Government at Washington issued the land title than carpenters and woodchoppers set themselves to work. But never did you see such a forest: It clung to the soil by its myriad creeping scions, by its myriad roots; and while at one end it was being cut down, at the other it sprang up afresh and renewed its youth even from its wounds, the green buds shooting forth at each stroke of the ax. The streets and squares of the city, but newly laid out, were invaded by vegetation. The walls grew less quickly than did the trees, and no sooner were they erected than the active energy remaining in the roots caused them to crumble.

To put an end to this resistance, which dulled the edge of ax and hatchet, they were obliged to have recourse to fire. Day and night a suffocating smoke filled the thickets, and the tall trees above them flamed like so many torches. The forest continued to struggle, retarding the conflagration with its floods of sap and the cool freshness of its vegetation. Finally the winter came. The snow descended, like a second death, upon the broad, open spaces, filled with blackened trunks and charred roots. There was room, now, to build.

Soon an immense city, all of wood—another Chicago—extended along the edge of the Red River, with its broad port, its parallel streets, branching off from the public squares, its exchange, its markets, its churches, its schools and a whole maritime array of depots, customs offices, wharves, warehouses and shipyards. The city of wood—Woodstown it was called—was quickly peopled by the early comers. A feverish activity pervaded every quarter; but on all the surrounding hills, dominating the thronging streets and the port, which was crowded with shipping, a threatening and somber mass displayed itself in a semicircle. It was the forest, which was gazing.

It was gazing upon this insolent city, which had robbed it of its place at the river's edge, and three thousand of its giant trees. The tall masts that balanced to and fro in the port, the numberless roofs, slanting one toward another, even to the most distant of them, that of the last cabin in the suburbs—it had supplied them all, even the instruments of toil, even the furniture, the value of its services being gauged solely by the vulgar dimensions of the timber. Hence the terrible rancor that it cherished against this city of plunderers!

So long as the winter lasted, nothing unusual was observed. The people of Woodstown heard now and again a low snapping of roofs, of furniture. From time to time a wall cracked, a counter in a storehouse noisily split in twain. But new wood is subject to such accidents, and nobody attached any importance to them. However, at the approach of spring, a sudden, violent spring, so rich in its flow of sap that a low murmur, like that of a water-source, was heard from beneath the surface, the soil began to be agitated, as if pressed upward by an invisible and active force. In every house, the furniture and woodwork swelled, and in the floors long ridges appeared, like those made by the mole in his progress across fields. Doors and windows stuck fast. "It's the moisture," said the inhabitants. "With the warm weather, it will pass."

All at once, on the day after a great storm, which had come up from the sea, bringing with it the summer—in its burning lightning, its sultry rain—the city, on awakening, uttered a cry of amazement. The red roofs of the public buildings, the belfries of the churches, the floors of the houses, even the bedsteads, were mottled all over with a green tint, slight as mildew, delicate as lace. Closely seen, it was a multitude of microscopic buds, in which the partly developed leaves could already be discerned. This odd freak of the rain was amusing and not disquieting; before evening, however, clumps of verdure had unfolded themselves—everywhere, on the furniture, on the walls. The twigs were actually seen to shoot forth; if held lightly in the hand, one could feel them growing; and they fluttered, even, like wings.

The next day the air in the dwellings was like that in a greenhouse. The trailing vines clambered up the stairways, step by step. In the narrow streets, from roof to roof, branches interlocked, and a shade like that in forest avenues overhung the noisy city. It was becoming disquieting. While the assembled scientists were deliberating over this instance of extraordinary vegetation, the people thronged out of doors to observe the various aspects of the miracle. The cries of surprise, the astonished murmur of a whole population, thus inactive, gave a solemnity to the strange event. Suddenly some one exclaimed: "Only look at the forest!" and they perceived with terror that within two days the circle of growing verdure had drawn much nearer. The forest seemed to be moving down upon the city. An entire advance guard of wood-briers, of running vines, had deployed itself as far as the suburbs.

Then Woodstown began to comprehend, and to be afraid. Evidently the forest was coming to re-conquer its place at the river's edge; and its trees, felled, scattered, transformed, were emerging from their bondage to meet and rejoin it on its way. How was the invasion to be resisted? With fire there would be danger of setting the whole city aflame. And what could the ax do against this sap which was constantly regenerated, these monstrous roots which ravaged the soil from beneath, those myriad flying seeds which, however much they were crushed or bruised, sprouted instantly and grew into trees wherever they chanced to fall?

Nevertheless, everybody set bravely to work, with scythes and sickles and axes; and there was an immense felling of verdant branches. But in vain. Hour by hour the savagery of the virgin forest, whose interlaced members combined to produce giant impulses, invaded the streets of Woodstown. Already there was an irruption of insects and reptiles. Nests there were in every corner, and the flopping of wings, and multitudes of little chattering beaks. In one night the granaries of the city were emptied by the newly hatched broods. Then, as if ironically in the midst of disaster, came butterflies of all sizes, of all colors, and lighted upon the groups of blossoms; and the provident bee, seeking a secure shelter, in the hollow of a hastily grown tree, in which to install his rows of honey-cells, as a proof of permanency.

Vaguely, amid the rustling surge of the foliage, were heard the dull strokes of ax and hatchet; but on the fourth day, all labor was acknowledged to be impossible. The herbage had grown up too thick and too high. The clinging vines hooked fast to the arms of the woodchoppers; fettered their movements. The houses, too, had become uninhabitable. The outlines of the furniture were lost in the foliage with which it was encumbered. The ceilings fell, pierced by the lance of the yucca, the slender apex of the mahogany; and in place of the roofs, there arose an immense dome of catalpas.

Through the network of plants and branches, which grew denser and denser, the affrighted people rushed headlong toward the river, carrying with them the most that they could of their treasures, of their cherished possessions. But what difficulty they found in reaching the water's edge! There were no longer any wharves; nothing but a vast jungle of reeds. The shipyard, in which lumber for naval uses had been stored, had given place to a forest of pines; and the new vessels in the harbor had blossomed out all over and looked like little isles of verdure. Fortunately, some armored frigates were there, on which the throng took refuge; and whence they saw the old forest make its triumphant union with the new.

Little by little, the tops of the trees became as one, and under the blue heaven, teeming with sunlight, the enormous mass of foliage extended from the banks of the river to the distant horizon. From time to time, there was the muffled sound of a falling building, the last echo of desolation; or the stroke of a hatchet in the hands of a frenzied woodchopper, reverberating through the depths of the shade. Then, nothing more except the pulsating silence, murmuring and droning; clouds of butterflies circling over the abandoned river, and yonder, toward the open sea, a fleeing ship, three leafy trees standing amid its spreading sails, bearing away the last of the pioneers of what had once been Woodstown.

FOR upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY REGINALD ARTHUR.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Shall woman's pitying love
Its object seek in vain?
Comes there to-day our hearts to move
No hopeless, innocent pain?
The dull world speeds on its unbending course—
No law there seems but Force!
And those whose tender hearts would seek
To aid the helpless weak,
Too oft, with folded hands, sit impotent
Waiting the dark event.

So loud the doubting voices are
We scarcely may stir at all,
Though at the shock of ruthless war
The young battalions fall!
Over all lands in vain
The toiling worker's pain
Speaks, with a terrible voice unheard,
Its awful Sybilline word
Hardly we dare assuage
The ever-growing ills of Age,
Who, knowing how the lifelong sufferers live,
Know, too, how hard the task to wisely give,
The homes of healing languish for the gold
The rich, perplexed, withhold:
Since hardly may our minds discern the clue
To separate the false needs from the true—
So hard to tell if that we strive to do
Make not the tangle worse,
And bring, indeed, no blessing, but a curse!

One cause there is, indeed—
Alas for all the Christian centuries!—
Calls clear from childish lives that bleed
With daily miseries.
Within a thousand homeless homes to-day
The sot, the savage, bear remorseless sway—
Vile souls, and hearts of stone!
With none to heed, the helpless children moan—
Starved, beaten, prisoned, drugged, tormented, slain:
In life a burden, but in death a gain!

Shall these still suffer? Shall the State's tired arm,
Too slow to save from harm,
Its dim eye, by a thousand cares, grown blind,
No willing helpers find?
These little ones! Shall they unaided pine?
Who, fresh from the creative Hand Divine
Bring to our sad, laborious earth
Bright memories of their birth!
Who, 'neath a happier, juster fate
May give strong, willing workers to the State!
Here no doubt comes; here is our duty plain:
Soothe, tender women, soothe their hopeless pain!
And trample, with a righteous anger strong,
This thrice accursed wrong!

THE BONDS OF COMPANIONSHIP.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

It is unnecessary to burden this story with names. You, who have passed your fortieth year, will recognize the characters. Their marriage had been of the sort which became common when divorce laws assumed a "dollars-and-cents" complexion and which has grown in popular favor ever since. In other words, they had fallen violently in love after a week's acquaintance at a summer resort. He danced like a Greek demigod, and personally resembled one. She dressed in faultless taste, adored social functions and was an undeniable beauty—*Voila tout!* Reasons galore for a delightful engagement—to the accompaniment of flowers, bonbons and opera—and an early marriage which was solemnized upon the satisfactory understanding that separation was merely a question of emigration and cash if the arrangement proved—well—an error in judgment—after they came out of the trance.

The perfect feasibility of the divorce idea was discussed between them much in the same comfortable way of looking at finalities, *en dernier ressort*, which induces John Chinaman to purchase, in the days of his youth, a most elaborate coffin and keep it as an article of household furniture—to be embellished, decorated and improved from time to time until the necessity for its ultimate use arrives. Then, the baby came—and for a while they had other things to think about. But only for a while. Before the end of the third year the situation became so strained—incompatibility, the constant irritation of conflicting personal habits, that kind of thing—that from merely discussing the idea of separation they began to talk of it as a probable and practical remedy. The boy was really the only complication in the matter—neither felt willing to give him up. In spite of the constant tax upon her time and temper, the mother love seemed to possess an unexpected strength when things came to a climax; but she thought up an arrangement by which she might see the child whenever she wished. And this brings us down to date, so to speak.

It was Christmas Eve when she finally decided to take the irrevocable step. She had been thinking it over all day and had come to the conclusion that she could not endure the counterfeit of a holiday which in other years had meant so much to her—felt that it had come to be a farce, a mockery of all her happy girlhood delusions.

She knew that he would bring home the usual presents, the baby trinkets which alone are accepted in unquestioning faith and pleasure; gifts for herself which were even likely to show a marked deference to her known likes—but she couldn't see why he should take the trouble. Conscious of the widening gulf between them it seemed so useless to buy things which could at the best call forth only perfunctory thanks.

She put a few necessary articles in a traveling bag and even went so far as to pack up many of her personal belongings—to be sent for later. There had been no definite arrangement for the separation, and she knew that he was totally unprepared for her action, but had nerved herself beyond the point of considering after-effects, and, as she wrote the note which he was to find when he came home, wondered a little if he would allow himself to be foolishly upset over it.

She felt perfectly justified in her course. Life together seemed no longer endurable—that is, with the degree of comfort which people owe to themselves in this world. And yet, despite her most conclusive reasoning, there was a consciousness that their three years of married life deserved something better than such a leave-taking. Still, if she waited to talk it over, he was sure to say something—to bring up some excellent reason for postponement. Not that he disputed the advisability of a divorce in so many words—indeed, at times she thought he agreed with her perfectly on this point—but he was always suggesting something she had overlooked, something which made it seem advisable that appearances should be kept up a little longer.

So—she finished the letter, wondering a little at the queer feeling in her heart as she read it over. It was brief—neither ill-tempered nor hysterical—simply dispassionate, a model of casuistry.

She left it upon the lid of his cuff-box—he was a large, clean man, scrupulous to a nicety about his linen—then went over to the crib for a last look at the boy. Again she felt that odd tightening around her heart. She was tempted to waken him, to hold him tight in her arms for a few last moments. But she feared the effect upon her resolution—and—she was sure that John would be quite nice about letting the baby come to her part of the time at least.

As she turned down the gas before leaving the room her glance fell upon his velvet dressing-coat, lying across the big chair. That coat was one of the personalities she had always liked about him. In it, he always looked nice—and handsome, she couldn't deny that. It was such a perfect foil to his blonde beard and ruddy complexion. For a moment, she let her fingers stray among its soft folds as they had often done in the old days—the days when she sat upon the wearer's knee and called him her King. She gave a little shrug—half of regret, half distaste—as she thought of this; then went quietly downstairs and out into the softly falling snow.

Her plans were simple enough. She would walk a few blocks to the Gerard—a first-class family hotel—and arrange to remain there for the present. In the course of a day or two the matter would probably be arranged in some way—a trip abroad—a winter in California—that would take care of itself, no doubt. So she leisurely walked on through the gathering storm as a person will after taking some irredeemable step which is likely to give them all eternity for afterthought.

The building was brilliantly lighted when she reached it, and through the vista of intervening hallway she could see a number of the guests—among whom were people she knew—sauntering in to dinner. There was something so eminently proper and conventional, so foreign to anything suggestive of strained proprieties, in the picture, that a realization of appearances made her hesitate about going in. Suppose that her request for a room, unaccompanied as she was by luggage or attendants, should be refused in an embarrassing way! Suppose the refusal should be overheard by some of her acquaintances in the hotel! Suppose that, in her present unhappy mental condition, she should be forced to speak with them—forced to invent some plausible lie in explanation of her unaccountable position! Suppose— But, as more suppositions sent a chill of dismay over her, she found herself walking quickly away—down the street.

On—block after block—thinking, wondering, frightened, trying to decide upon some possible course. The street lamps cast fitful gleams upon the houses here and there. Those houses!—How squalid and wretched they seemed to be getting! Then came lonely stretches of fence—vacant lots—evil-looking liquor shops—at last, the river.

She recoiled in horror as she stumbled and almost fell over the stringpiece of a wharf. Then she sat down upon it and watched the dark, sullen water with its cakes of ice—lost in a strange fascination. Thinking—thinking—thinking—until she sank upon the snow-covered planking and moaned: "Oh, I wish I were dead!—I wish—I—were—dead!" In a moment or two the swirl of the water seemed to whisper the fearful suggestion: "Why not?" She stepped upon the stringpiece and looked shudderingly down—then, she thought of the boy. If she could but see him again—just for a moment—just for one little moment—then she would come back here and—there would be an end of her mistaken, mismated, useless life.

She hurried back through the silent streets, fearful now of every passing stranger lest she should be defeated in her purpose. Presently she stopped, bewildered. The streets were strangely unfamiliar. Every moment was precious and she was utterly lost. Then, faintly stealing through the storm, she heard the chimes of St. Crœsus's, and, following the sound, block after block, came finally to the corner of the broad avenue upon which the church stood. The windows were dimly lighted and the choir were practicing Christmas carols inside.

There was but one electric lamp burning in the vestibule, and, standing in the shadowy doorway of a side aisle, the mystic, religious atmosphere of the place impressed her strangely. The nave was in semi-obscurity—only a soft radiance from concealed incandescents flooding the beautiful Byzantine chancel. The choir boys were partially concealed behind the delicate tracery of an iron grille, and the music, echoing among the dim recesses and massive pillars, appealed to her in a way which she had never before experienced.

Somehow, their church attendance had fallen off since pessimistic realization had made life's ironies so glaringly apparent; but now, glancing at the dim outline of the old pew, her memory recalled the purifying influence of those first Sunday evenings after their marriage—those services in which music played a prominent part and which brought a reflection of finer thought into his face, though he heard scarcely a word of the sermon. It was but a moment that she stood there, yet when she turned to go, another scene in the same place burned into her brain with blinding light. She saw a crowd of familiar faces, heard echoes of the grand old Mendelssohn march, whispered to herself: "For richer, for poorer—for better, for worse—until death us do part." Then—she walked swiftly homeward.

Meanwhile, he had come home, his arms full of Christmas bundles, his mind full of man's thoughts on the eve of a holiday, thoughts which were tempered and sweetened by a certain sensation of rest and homely comfort; for a man's house *is* his castle, notwithstanding storms within and storms without.

He expected to find her still with the boy, upstairs. Instead, he found her note—read it, tossed his bundles hopelessly upon the divan, savagely bit the end from a cigar and nervously began to smoke.

His first feeling was one of rage and disgrace; then, unutterable sadness and discouragement. He was a man—not a saint. He was fully conscious of his irritability—often the intolerance, of what he considered her nonsensical views, which had contributed to the rupture between them. But the man generally argues upon a theory that no condition of things is beyond remedy, immediate or future; while the woman persists in believing matters hopeless, and growing more so. He may be no more forgiving than she, but he possesses the blessed faculty of forgetting what he wishes to forget, else the worries of business life would knock him to pieces in short order.

Up to this time, he had felt confident that their differences would somehow heal over and that she would never really come to the point of taking matters into her own hands. The recent life of constant disagreement had worn upon him more than he cared to admit, but he found relief in business cares during the day and hoped, somehow, to patch things up—when he found time to get around to it. He read her letter again, thinking it over in every possible light. It seemed hours since he had come home, yet only a few moments had elapsed when he put on his overcoat and determined to go after her, hoping that his presence might give plausible color to her staying over the holidays at the hotel and so avert public suspicion of the catastrophe which had befallen them.

It is astonishing how quickly a man will sometimes reverse his determination. At first, he had sworn to himself that she should never again enter the house, even if he found her lying upon the doorstep. He remembered this as he noticed her little footprints, fast becoming obliterated by the snow. Unconsciously, his eyes followed them step by step along the deserted streets, scarcely wondering at their being upon the opposite side from the hotel, until they disappeared in the darkness where they should have crossed to the ladies' entrance.

His anxiety increased as he followed them on and on down into the slums of the city—among the lumber yards and reeking dives. He began to fear for her personal safety—it was no place for a woman, alone in the storm—and his trained muscles grew tense under his clothes as he hurried along to protect her, if protection should be necessary. The animal savagery gleamed in his eyes as he thought of possible harm coming to this woman, who belonged to him, be their differences what they might.

At last, he came to where she had stumbled against the stringpiece of the wharf, and saw what seemed the evidence of a struggle where she had thrown herself down in the snow. He heard the ice crunching sullenly against the piles underneath—heard the pitiless moan of the damp wind across the river—looked insanely into the darkness for some trace of the human fiend who, he imagined, had brutally made away with his tenderly nurtured wife, that he might tear him limb from limb—that he might feel the wretch's life gasp out beneath the pressure of his own sinewy hands. With the madness of vengeance, the thirst for murder, eating into brain and heart, he lighted match after match, scrutinizing every inch of ground for some trace of his prey. All he asked was five short minutes alone on the wharf with it—and then—chaos.

Until he discovered the dear, tiny footsteps leading away up the adjoining street, he suffered all the tortures of the damned. Then, with a dizziness of relief that made him stagger like a drunkard, he hurried on as fast as he could make them out. Step by step—block after block—into the vestibule of St. Crœsus's—out again along the avenue—up the steps of his own house, where he leaned against the door for a second, weak and faint. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely fit the key in the lock. He softly mounted the stairs, confident of finding her in her own room. Gently he pushed the door ajar and locked in. She was lying at the foot of the little crib, so silent and motionless that another pang of fear choked the breath back into his throat. In a moment, however, she became conscious of his presence—in another, she was in his arms.

Sinking down in the big chair, he held her for a long time close against his great, throbbing heart, her stifled sobs, his deep breathing and the ticking of the clock the only sounds in the room.

After a while, he reached over to the divan for one of the parcels, and carefully removed the white wrapper. The box contained a beautiful pearl and ostrich-tip fan—something for which she had been longing many a day—which, with man's blundering, honest belief in propitiatory offerings, he had sent clear to Vienna for, hoping that it would please her.

But she shook her head, and laid it back in its box. Then, before the sad, hurt look had time to settle around his mouth, her arms crept about him, she buried her face in his neck to hide the tears that would come, and whispered: "It's lovely, dear, but all I want now—is—just you. I'll keep the fan and love it always for the sake of the giver—afterward." Then, as she saw her note on the floor, and realized that he must have followed her every step of the way: "Why do you suppose it was that I couldn't do it? It all seemed so easy when we talked it over—we both know our marriage was a mistake, that we can never live happily together—"

"I'm not so sure of that, dear one. No mistake is irretrievable. And—the little, trivial incidents of daily association, of marital companionship, of parentage, form ties, light as a gossamer web, but stronger—more enduring—than the bonds of that first passion which we mistakenly call love."

So they sat before the fire, heart to heart, while the sweet Christmas chimes floated through the wintry air, bringing a new meaning to them—a fuller consciousness of those supreme forces which draw human lives together.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

IMPORTANT ADVICE FROM "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" RECOMMENDED.

The fifteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, which has just finished its session at the Madison Square Garden, New York, was in certain respects the most important event in the history of that organization. It was attended by about one hundred delegates, representing half a million of wage-workers, scattered throughout the various States of the Union.

The election of Samuel Gompers to the presidency was an almost foregone conclusion, although when it came down to an actual vote on the matter John McBride was defeated by the small majority of eighteen votes. The popularity of these two candidates was so unquestioned that no one else ventured into the field against them.

One of the first steps taken, as soon as the convention assembled, was the exoneration of President McBride on the charge of bribery which had been preferred against him. The committee appointed to examine into these charges reported that the party who had made them failed to appear before them to substantiate his statements, for which there was apparently no foundation whatever.

The assertions that had been made against Mr. McBride have all along been considered by those who knew the calibre of the man to be absurd and untenable. It was nevertheless felt that the proper thing to do was to have the stigma caused by them officially removed.

In the early part of the convention it became obvious that the old solid trades-union element intended to assert itself in no undecided manner. The Socialists, who have been accustomed to air their hobbies and pursue their tactics with more or less freedom at previous conventions, were fairly overcome with astonishment when the first signs were shown of what they might expect was coming. From the outset it was evident that the majority of the delegates had decided on a programme which would commit the Federation to a more strictly conservative policy than had hitherto prevailed. Many of the delegates had been furnished with the most stringent instructions on this matter, and on that account subjected the actions and expressions of the candidates for office to the closest scrutiny.

Gompers has long been a stanch adherent and champion of the cause of pure and simple trades-unionism. His faith in the wisdom of such a policy was undoubtedly strengthened by his associations with the British trade-unionists, during his recent visit to the Cardiff Congress.

The uncompromising stand taken by him from the outset won over to his side the more conservative element, while the radicals, finding McBride a trifle less pronounced in his views, decided to give their support to the latter. The battle was therefore fought between the two leaders squarely on the issue mentioned, and, as such was also the case at the Denver convention last year, according to Socialist ideas a reactionary movement has taken place in the Federation.

Augustus McCraith and John B. Lennon, who were respectively re-elected secretary and treasurer, also put themselves on record as clearly as possible by their votes against the resolution in favor of the establishment of Government postal savings banks, which was nevertheless carried, owing to the general merits of the system and the safety afforded by it to the funds of small depositors.

Strictly in line with what may be designated its ultra-conservative policy, the convention took a very moderate stand on the question of the eight-hour work-day. This is one of the standard matters with which every A. F. of L. convention has to deal. It was first brought up at the Chicago convention in 1884, when its general inauguration was believed to be possible. The Haymarket Square episode in that city created such a reaction in the public mind that only a few unions were successful in establishing it in that year. At the convention held in St. Louis in 1888 the general inauguration of the eight-hour work-day was fixed for May 1, 1890. Agitation meetings on the subject were held all over the country, and more ground was gained during the ensuing year. At the ninth annual convention, held in Boston, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners were selected as a special trade to make a demand for the eight-hour day, which they did with highly successful results.

The present convention decided to adopt the same plan in the present case and only one trade will be selected to make a demand for the eight-hour day this coming year, an assessment being levied on all unions in the Federation to furnish funds for insuring a complete victory in case the demand meets with any opposition from the employers.

Quite a sensation was caused by a resolution offered to the convention by a native American with all sincerity, for abolishing the Constitution of the United States. This astounding proposition came from Robert Ashe, of the International Association of Machinists, a Boston Socialist. It was handled by the Committee on Resolutions without gloves, an amendment to it being proposed by doughty Senator "Bob" Howard of Fall River, declaring the unswerving allegiance of the American Federation of Labor to the Constitution, as "present judicial and other governmental evils are due, not to the Constitution of the United States, but to the violations of its provisions." As Mr. Ashe objected to the substitute, both resolutions were tabled.

An important resolution was adopted denouncing the attempt of the Prison Reform Association to re-establish the convict contract labor system.

A resolution to have local unions affiliated with the Federation either withdraw from or control central labor unions in their vicinity with which they are now connected was not passed, the national treasurer insisting that it was simply aimed at the Knights of Labor. It was also claimed that the only result of such a policy would be the formation, throughout the country, of dual central bodies, which would have the effect of still further disintegrating instead of unifying the labor movement.

The decided setback given to Socialism at the convention opens up a new line of possibilities for the labor movement. There are indications that a more strictly business idea is gradually taking shape in the minds of the more practical men in the labor movement to-day which will lay over and above Socialism in its attractiveness to the average independent American.

Delegate Weissman's substitute, offered in reference to the resolution in favor of establishing postal savings banks, may be taken as one of these signs of the times to which we refer. "The Federation is opposed," said Delegate Weissman, "to the system of national banks *because it gives the moneyed men of the country power to hold the working people in subjection* and to corrupt politics."

James Mawdsley, a delegate from the British Trades-Union Congress to the convention, added another link to the chain of development when he threw out the following suggestions: Workers of the world have been kept down simply on account of their incapacity to see the business side of things. There is too much sentiment about the things done in behalf of labor; the workingman wants too much done for nothing, and depends too much on assistance given for the love of the thing. Your boasted political freedom amounts to nothing without business organization and the application of business principles.

Mr. Mawdsley's brother-delegate, E. J. Cowey, of the Miners, in speaking of the evolution of the labor movement on the other side, said: "The old-time political economy in England was that man should work for what his employer would give him. We have, to a large extent, changed that. We will not have the price of wages ruled by the number of persons seeking employment. We want to higgle and bargain with bosses for the sale of our labor. Our work is considered a mere commodity by capitalists. I know no trade except that of labor where the buyer alone fixes the price. But why should our trade be different to others? Go to the butcher, the grocer or any one of whom you make your purchases and try to fix the price that you shall pay for the articles, but you will only be laughed at for the attempt. We find that by getting a large surplus of funds in our unions and by being prepared for a fight at any time we can successfully resist the encroachments of our employers."

Nothing could more clearly suggest that there is a new goal toward which the intelligent workingman of to-day is working than these expressions indicate.

Alert as usual, and true to its purpose of assisting and directing the best thought to successfully develop, Collier's Weekly had prepared for this situation beforehand, and through the courtesy of President McBride, who personally presented them to the convention, the following resolutions from this paper were brought before that body:

SUBMITTED BY

COLLIER'S WEEKLY,

523 West 13th St.

HERBERT E. CLAMP,

Representative.

Whereas, Organized labor, as at present constituted, has within its control hundreds of millions of dollars, in the shape of workmen's savings throughout the United States, such savings being available for the strengthening of organized labor everywhere, instead of being, as now, exclusively diverted to the uses of so-called moneyed corporations; and

Whereas, Money in the shape of capital stock, is the great cohesive power for all working organizations in this age and country; and

Whereas, The time has come to advance the cause of trades-unionism against the growing organization and perfection of the natural growth and power of centralized capital employing large bodies of workmen; and

Whereas, There is the no less serious menace of the abolition of the wage system altogether, on the part of those who seek a revolution in methods of employment, rather than the bettering of the conditions of the same; and

Whereas, The organization of wealth under the laws of property rights is a growth of modern civilization, that cannot and ought not to be checked; and

Whereas, Organized labor must obey the same law of progress, if it is to compete on terms of equality with employing capital; and

Whereas, Labor unions can best secure equality in courts of law and equity by adopting the capital stock feature; and

Whereas, Such equality will place organized labor in a position to deal with employers on a strictly business basis; therefore

Be it Resolved, That the American Federation of Labor, in National Convention assembled in the city of New York, does hereby indorse and recommend the formation of Joint-Stock Labor Unions;

That such Joint-Stock Labor Unions be formed by the addition of the capital stock feature to the present existing organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor;

That, for the purpose of such organization, five dollars shall constitute one share of stock;

That voting on all business questions before such Joint-Stock Labor Union shall be on a basis on one vote for each such share;

That members at present in good standing in any such union shall not be excluded from its other benefits by reason of their not being shareholders;

That a committee be appointed to secure such legislation from the Congress of the United States as will make valid the charter of all such labor corporations, giving them corporate existence with limited liability, standing in court to sue and be sued, all contracts entered into by said unions with employers to be under the jurisdiction of a special Federal Court of final resort;

That the charter for all such labor unions be confined to the functions of an employment agency at first, and as the first essential reason for their creation;

That provisional legislative expedients be afterward added, to insure the safe investment of the union's capital stock in funds of the Government, in banking, in loan associations, in colonization schemes, or in any other safe business enterprise wherein the immediate rights of union workmen are involved.

After carefully considering the matter the Committee on Resolutions, of which Mr. Gompers was chairman and Senator Howard secretary, decided that it was inexpedient at the present time to ask for legislation on the subject, especially as some had already been introduced in certain States which would cover the necessities of the case, *but that they recommended the matter to the careful attention and study of the delegates to the convention.*

That a recommendation of such an important character, emanating from a source outside of the actual ranks of labor, should receive such courtesy from the convention was a sign of the wisdom and tolerance of the great leaders who guide the destinies of American craftsmen and wage-earners. In pursuance of their suggestion Collier's Weekly will proceed to ventilate the subject thoroughly, and in our next issue we shall publish a number of interviews with labor leaders and others upon the subject, which will be treated exhaustively in these columns for some time to come. The next convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held in Cincinnati.

ALLAN GRANBERRY THURMAN,

Ex-Judge, ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator, of Ohio, died in the capital of that State on the 12th inst., aged eighty-two. He was born in Lynchburg, Va., November 21, 1813.

In announcing his death Governor McKinley of Ohio thus referred to the deceased:

"He was a distinguished party leader, and stood in the front rank with the great men who were his contemporaries. After being the recipient of many honors at the hands of his party and his countrymen, he retired to private life with the universal respect and esteem of the citizens of the Republic and the love all who had the honor of knowing him. His illustrious career is a conspicuous example of the possibilities of American citizenship, and is worthy the study of the youth of our State. The people of Ohio, regardless of party, will be mourners at his bier."—(See page 13.)

Swindling the Bank.—It is said to be the custom at Monte Carlo to fill the pockets of suicides with bank-notes, so that it may be assumed they did not kill themselves on account of losses. The story goes that an Irishman, knowing this custom, succeeded in getting his pockets filled a short time ago.

After losing a small sum at the gaming-table, he suddenly jumped up, exclaimed, "I am ruined!" and rushed into the gardens. Almost immediately afterward the guards heard a pistol-shot and then a cry of pain, and, rushing to the spot, found the Irishman apparently dead.

It was dark, with no one about, so they filled his pockets with money and left him to be discovered in the morning.

They had scarcely gone out of sight, however, before the Irishman was on his feet again, and the next train conveyed him to Paris, en route for his native country.

A certain Englishman lately lost a favorite little lady canary in a curious manner. For several days she had been ailing; her tiny claws were cold; and to warm them she had a way of putting them under her husband's feathery wing—a custom which annoyed him. The other day he turned on her suddenly, and when she was just on the point of warming her toes as usual, gave her a violent peck, and down she fell off her perch, quite dead. The male bird gave a long, strange sidelong glance at his little prostrate wife in the cage below, and then burst into a long, strong song of joy. And this, although he had never sung before! Now, a bird fancier tells me that it is customary for a male bird to sing a song of entreaty for a mate, if no mate for him exists. But a vivacious spinster, a friend of mine, will have none of this. Such conduct she considers characteristic of the race of husbands.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question, put
To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply,
And wherefore? Will not God impart His light
To them that ask it? Freely—'tis His joy,
His glory, and His nature to impart;
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent enquirer, not a spark. Cowper.

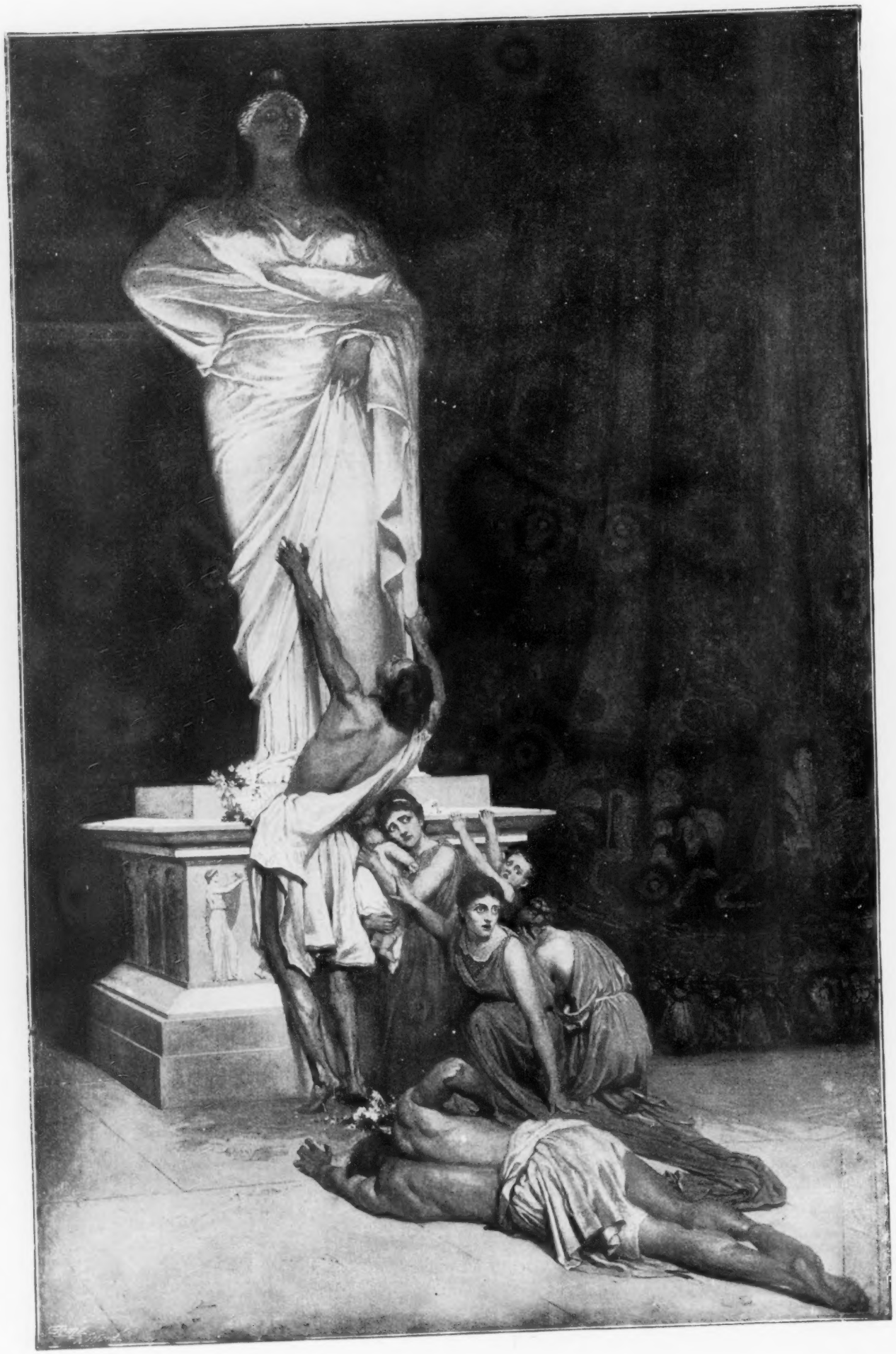
"A well-bred woman," said the late Dumas, "does not fall in love a second time without allowing a considerable interval to elapse. There are never two accidents in close succession on the same railroad." "Short-skirted daughters keep mothers young a long time." "A woman has no power to efface radically by the sole effort of the will an image that has long filled the mind; she must replace it by another. She does not destroy, she superposes. When the second image is finer or larger than the first, so that the first is seen no more, all goes well: this is forgetfulness. When it is smaller, so that the edges of the other can be seen, things go badly: that is remorse."

It has been noticed that every time a spiritualist seance is exposed in the press, other spiritualists disclaim connection with "that crowd" and invite the reporters to come to one of theirs if they want to see real spooks. Every crow thinks her own young ones the whitest kind of crows.

Mr. John Morley declared the other day that only about one million out of the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles do any reading! This seems an extraordinary statement—in fact, scarcely credible.

A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Mr. Editor:—I read how Mr. Jones made $15 a week. I have a better job taking orders for the new specialties and fancy articles in aluminum, rein hooks and rings for harness, sign letters and figures for houses, stores and vehicles. They are simply elegant, shine at night; aluminum is a great talker. I sell for World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; they make family fire-proof cases, electric goods and many good sellers for agents. I made $27 first week, $39 second, first month $172. Goods are catchy; good, honest, firm, light, easy work, anyone can get a job by writing them.—J. EVANS.



SANCTUARY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HUGH G. RIVIERE.

THE LATE ALLAN GRANBERRY THURMAN.

A DIAMOND WEDDING IN ST. LOUIS.

THE nuptials of Mr. Paul von Gontard and Miss Clara Hazel Busch were celebrated amid unusual pomp and splendor at St. Louis, December 16, in the Church of the Messiah. The ceremony was attended with astonishing magnificence. Church and bride's parents' residence and the Southern and Planters Hotels for guests were veritable palaces for the time being. Fabrics and metals and jewels and flowers hid all that was common, and gave out an impression thoroughly bewildering to the beholder. It seems almost a pity to introduce mere dollars into such a picture; but it is necessary to state that the wedding cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, thus surpassing the Gould-Castellane and the Vanderbilt-Marlborough affairs—a feat which, it is understood, Mr. Adolphus Busch, father of the bride, set out to accomplish.

The bride is the daughter of the multi-millionaire brewer of St. Louis. Mr. Paul von Gontard is a captain in the German imperial army, and is a resident of Haagen, Westphalia. The grand dimensions of the wedding of the young couple were far from a mere show of wealth. The style of the entertainment and celebration and merry-making and decoration was once quite the custom in Germany; and Mr. Adolphus Busch desired that it should be all left in his hands, even to the traveling expenses of invited guests to and from Fatherland. It was distinctly understood that all the invited were the guests of Mr. Busch down to the most trifling detail of expense.

Aside from the beauty and the rare artistic features of this grandest American wedding up to date, there is the fact that the groom is one of the finest of German gentlemen, and that the fair young German-American bride will take her place at once among the fine old society of Westphalia, where the groom's people are honored and respected.

After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. von Gontard went to Florida for the few days preceding Christmas, when they are to be back in St. Louis with Mr. and Mrs. Busch. They will sail for Westphalia January 7, 1896.

Captain von Gontard is part owner of one of the largest iron foundries and blast furnaces in the world.

IN the street railway strike at Philadelphia, on the 18th, the strikers' ugly mood was answered by several shots into the crowd from the police; and the city was in a restless, dangerous condition all through the night, in consequence. The men are contending for more pay and less hours.

THE Spanish generals Navarro and Aldecoa have come up with the rear-guards of the insurgents under Maceo and Gomez; and a decisive battle may be expected before New Year's.

CONGRESS has appropriated one hundred thousand dollars to pay the expenses of a commission of inquiry into the Venezuela tangle; and the sum of two hundred million dollars is talked of for coast defenses and the purchase of arms and munitions of war. The "war scare" has developed into a quiet determination on the part of all classes in this country, that we will fight if we must, to protect Venezuela.

ADDISON once remarked that he "never knew a Party woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth," as "nothing is so bad for the face as Party zeal"! Let us hope that the Addisonian opinion on this subject was ill-founded; indeed, there is little doubt that he could be refuted to-day by abundance of practical evidence.

> THE mystery of the untried days
> I close my eyes from reading;
> His will be done Whose darkest ways
> To light and life are leading.—WHITTIER.

IT has been discovered that part of the new Colorado gold lands are located on Pike's Peak Reservation, and it will be necessary to get a Government patent before mining properties can be acquired there. Perhaps the United States Government is not so poor as it is painted.

THE news is that the Philadelphia policemen are as bad as the New York force ever was; the Senate Committee has begun to investigate; the reporters are sharpening their noses for news; the City of Brotherly Love is wide awake.

MANY persons who suffer from cold feet at night find that to put the feet into cold water before going to bed, and then rub them briskly with a rough towel, causes them to glow with warmth.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

A VERY Happy New Year, is my wish to you all. And surely who should expect one if not the earnest, faithful members of our Happy Thought Club? Let each one of us ask herself or himself what she or he can do to make this coming year of 1896 one always to be remembered for the real happiness it shall bring. *Our* good resolutions are to be kept, because they will take the form of happy thoughts, and a happy thought is so much better and easier to keep than is a resolution. It is cheerier in itself and then, too, it is always less difficult to accomplish almost any result when we have companions in the same work. And when a club in California knows that another or several others, perhaps some hundreds of young people in New York, or in Florida, or in Kentucky, or in almost any State of the Union, are striving for the same end, it is enough to make the most sedate become enthusiastic. Let each club keep a careful record of every happy thought it shall have (of course it will do this in the regular routine of the meetings) and of every good act it shall accomplish, of every kindly deed it shall perform, no matter how slight or trivial they may seem, and then at the beginning of 1897 report every one, not omitting the smallest detail, and when all that is published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY we shall have an issue of the paper that all our members will be proud of, and will want to treasure as long as they shall live.

Judging by present indications we shall have a large army of Happy Thought Club members. And how much better it is to have an army that is marching on to peace and happiness and prosperity than to have one that is marching on to bloodshed and pillage and hardships! One that soothes heartaches instead of causing them, and that gains the victory over sorrow and want and sin, instead of over people less fortunate in money or strength or numbers. The bravest men and women in times of necessary war are always those to whom peace is dearest. And the war that brings glory and fame to one man, brings sorrow, death and sufferings to thousands. So The Happy Thought Club army is the one to join. We all like sunshine better than storms, and rewards better than reproofs.

One way in which our Happy Thought Club can be of real service, is in making the performance of some duty easier. A great many girls and boys fail to always remember what will be the result of hours of patient, painstaking practice at the piano, and so become impatient at what they sometimes consider an irksome requirement. But with the incentive of playing sufficiently well to give pleasure at the meetings of the Happy Thought Club, and with this spur to the learning of new pieces, even "that odious practice," as I have heard it called, will be robbed of much of its monotony. Inspiration—a motive—is what we all need in order to do our best, and the Happy Thought Club members can make every duty more pleasant by weaving in with its performance a happy thought. You probably remember that every life has been compared to a web of cloth woven upon a loom. We can each make of our life webs a rough, coarse fabric, the original pattern sadly marred and almost unrecognizable, with many broken threads and having dingy colors, or we can, by the exercise of care, patience and love, produce something so soft, fine and beautiful that it will be a constant delight to all who see it. Our club members should weave so many happy thoughts in their web of life that it will sparkle as though encrusted with jewels, for happy thoughts are precious gems.

You have all, probably, at some time, taken hold of a fabric so coarse, harsh and rough that you have quickly dropped it, and even wanted to rub or wash your hands to remove the unpleasant feeling. Again there is cloth so soft and silken that a baby likes to stroke it. So there are people whose society we don't enjoy because they have not only marred the patterns in their webs of life, and made the colors dingy, but they have woven in briers and rough excrescences. Let us all avoid these, substituting happy thoughts that will gleam and sparkle; and perhaps we can help others to improve upon their webs of life. At least it is a part of our mission to try.

PRIZES.

Awarding the prizes has not been an easy task; I have been so sorry for every unsuccessful competitor. However, I hope that the happy thoughts we have all been so sedulously cultivating during the last few weeks will help the unsuccessful ones to rejoice in the pleasures of others. In several instances the matter of an hour or a very few hours has decided the supremacy. Again, there are those who organized their clubs quickly enough, but who allowed a week to elapse before reporting. In other instances clubs have been formed with an insufficient number of members, and sometimes through no apparent fault of the organizer, unlooked-for circumstances probably detaining a part of those who were expected to be present. I believe, however, that the prizes will prove but a very small proportionate part of the advantages all the members will receive through our Happy Thought Club movement.

OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

Miss Irma Lindgren, of Greenville, Texas,—1st prize: a gold pencil and Sir Walter Scott's Poems, in four royal octavo volumes.

Miss Kate E. Robinson, of Woodlawn, Ala.—2d prize: a small silver watch.

Miss Mamie Bunch, of Knoxville, Tenn.—3d prize: Irving's Miscellaneous Works, in six volumes.

Miss Edna Allen, of Arkansas City, Kan.—4th prize: Library of Standard Authors, in three volumes.

Master George H. Stubbs, of Oakland, Cal.—5th prize: The History of the World, in two volumes.

Miss Hannah Lynch, of Olean, N. Y.—6th prize: Life of Napoleon, in three volumes.

Miss M. Clyde, of Altoona, Pa.—7th prize: Irving's Life of Washington, in three volumes.

Miss Lizzie B. Hawkins, of Corbin, Ky.—8th prize: Capitals of the Globe.

Master Benjamin Indorsky, of New York City.—9th prize: Evenings at Home.

Master Joey Frangenberg, of Milwaukee, Wis.—10th prize: a double-easeled, plush-covered flat album.

OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

Among the names that deserve—for one or more of various reasons—a prominent place upon our ROLL OF HONOR are the following:

Miss Eva Richter, of Chicago, Ill.
Miss Mary C. Burke, of Newburg, N. Y.
Miss Pearl Winans, of Petaluma, Cal.
Miss Lillian Ungerer, of Warren, Pa.
Miss Blanche M. Roberts, of Key West, Fla.
Miss M. Haspel, of New Orleans, La.
Miss Annie Cohen, of New York City.
Miss Maud Cook, of Cairo, Ill.
Miss Amy Baxter, of Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Lillian Forester, of Murphysboro, Ill.

Key West, Fla., *Nov.* 27, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—I have organized a club; some of my friends were highly pleased with the idea of having a Happy Thought Club. The meeting was held at my house November 25. We have elected all of our officers, and also have our committee; we had a very large attendance; the by-laws were read and adopted. My brother, James D. Roberts, Jr., subscribes for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and when he informed me of the idea, I was pleased to a very high degree. I don't expect to be one of the prize-winners this time—I am so far South it is several days before the paper can reach us—but I will be glad to have organized a club. Please send me a little information about the badges and charter and emblems. I remain your constant reader, BLANCHE L. ROBERTS.

A very cordial welcome to our far Southern club, and best wishes for its prosperity. COLLIER'S WEEKLY now contains in every issue full information in regard to the badges, charters and emblems. If all who fail to win a prize will look upon it in the same sweet spirit you do, I shall be delighted. Having organized a Happy Thought Club *will* be ample reward, although *I* wish that every one could have had a prize.

Baraga, Mich., *Dec.* 10, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—Here come two chums from Baraga. We organized a Happy Thought Club a week ago, and neglected to write you. We received the paper Saturday night about twenty minutes to seven. The next Saturday after talking it over we organized a club of thirteen; we have now fifteen members; the prospects are, or we expect to have six more at the next meeting. The officers are: Hattie Schultz, president; Emma McGillian, vice-president; Laurence Avoy, secretary; Hattie Devenport, treasurer; Guss McGrath, Robert Hand and Laurence Avoy are the standing committee. We do not expect to receive a prize, having neglected writing before this. I am afraid my letter is getting a little bit too long for the first time. Hoping to see it in print,

Yours truly, LUCY MCGRATH and HATTIE DEVENPORT.

P.S.—We organized about twenty minutes to four o'clock.

Welcome. I like "chummy" girls ever so much. As a rule they are unselfish and warm-hearted. May your club keep on increasing in numbers, and may it be very helpful both to the members and to others.

Chicago, *Dec.* 9, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. WOOD—* * * * * I thought I would write and let you know what progress the club is making. When we organized we only had eleven members, and now we have seventeen, with new applications for membership every week. All the members are getting more enthusiastic, and the happy thoughts are of a higher and better order than those submitted in the beginning. We have one dollar and thirty-five cents in our treasury. We would devote this money to some poor children for Christmas if we don't have to pay for our badges. * * * * * Hoping I am to be one of the happy recipients of a prize, and wishing you every success in your efforts to lend the young people a helping hand up the ladder of learning, I am, Very sincerely, EVA RICHTER.

Your club merits the heartiest congratulations. The number of new members constantly being admitted is very encouraging, and I am truly thankful that you can so soon see an improvement in the character of the happy thoughts proposed, for this shows that the club has already been helpful to its members. Now in regard to the badges. I am anxious that every club should help the poor. I also want every member to constantly wear a badge, because it will be a continual reminder, and also will preach its silent little sermon to others who shall see it. It did not seem wise to supply cheap badges, for none can be made that will not soon tarnish, and then we should all be ashamed to wear them. I sought to find something at the lowest possible price that could be worn a lifetime and would always remain as bright and handsome as a piece of new silver. I think your club will soon find a way to obtain the necessary money for them. If the members could see one I am sure they would. We have an excellent suggestion in one of the letters published this week, and I shall hope to receive others. I wish your club would try to find one. If not a prize-winner you have come very close to it and I believe you would not give up the club now, even had you known you could not gain a prize.

Waterbury, Vt., *Nov.* 26, 1895.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY—I receive your paper every week and take great interest in reading about the Happy Thought Clubs. I read in last week's paper that you would like to hear from those who took the WEEKLY, and have failed to organize a club. I am now staying on a farm about four miles from Waterbury. The neighbors live so far apart that it would be hard to meet at each other's houses in the winter. I am very much interested in the Happy Thought Clubs, and the WEEKLY also. I find the letters that are printed nearly every week are very interesting. I enjoyed reading the story of Joey's club very much. I judge by the picture of your badges that they must be very pretty. I must close with the happy thought that COLLIER'S WEEKLY and all the Happy Thought Clubs will be successful in every way.

Yours respectfully, BERTHA MAE DEWING.

Thanks for your letter. I have been trying to think of some way in which you can have a club, despite the long distances apart the neighbors live and the cold weather in Vermont. When I was a little girl I lived in New Hampshire, so I know something about your snow storms and the biting cold. Why not organize a club, and when the weather is such you can't meet, have those who are prevented write a letter to the secretary, suggesting happy thoughts and telling what she or he has accomplished during the past week. These letters could be read at the next meeting to the few who might be there, and in this way I think you could keep up an interest in the work and be ready for good times when warmer days come.

East Jamestown, N. Y., *Dec.* 12, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—I am very much interested in the H. T. C. and would very much like to become a member of it. I haven't yet organized a club, as we have been talking of moving, and so I thought I would wait until we had moved, but I think I shall begin Monday. * * * * * I shall try to have entertainments and socials so as to get money for our badges and charter, as I think that will be earning them, don't you? I enjoy reading the letters and think it would be a happy thought to have each club write a letter every week to be published. I was also pleased with the song. * * * * * I will write again as soon as my club is organized.

Ever yours, MAMIE M. S. CORNWELL.

Your idea of raising money for the badges by socials and entertainments is an excellent one. I have been waiting for some club to suggest that very happy thought. I don't doubt but that we should all find weekly letters from every club very interesting; but have you any idea how much of COLLIER'S WEEKLY they would occupy? With such a large number of clubs we should need a *big* paper all to ourselves. I have tried to select for publication such letters as would be most helpful to the largest number, and always have to leave some out for lack of space that I very much want in. The song, written to the tune of "America," has been greatly appreciated. I shall hope to soon hear again, and that you have organized a club.

Will the officers of the Oakland club please pardon the omission of their names to the letter published last week? It was signed not only by George Stubbs, the treasurer, who organized the club, but also by Edward Wright, president; George Thompson, vice-president; Forest Brehm, secretary; Lou Thompson, chairman; Dac. Matthiesen and Johnny Matthiesen, who with Master Stubbs constitute the committee.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of $2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes ten badges, shall have been ordered. Books to the value of $5.00 will be awarded every organizer of a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete, if thirty days thereafter, or forty-five days after seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete, if the charter and twenty badges, or twenty four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or badges with four months' subscriptions shall be ordered; or a part of the members may order one and a part the other. The organizers of the first clubs completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

CHARTER.—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a handsome work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is $1.00; or it will be sent *free* as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any addresses, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

BADGES.—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given free to any club member who shall send $1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

COLORS.—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

EMBLEMS.—Pansies, emblematic of thoughts, and the sweet sultan, of happiness, are our emblems. Our colors are those of the latter flower, and are also, of course, with many others, found in the pansy.

Address all communications to

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB,
COLLIER'S WEEKLY,
521-549 West 13th Street,
New York City.

As a cyclist was riding through Belfast at a rapid rate, contrary to law, he was stopped by a policeman, who asked for his name and address. The cyclist presented his card and rode on. The vigilant policeman chuckled at the thought of the catch he had made, but his dismay may be imagined when, on looking at the card, he read:

"U. R. Requested
2, Mind Your Own
Bisness."

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THE FOUR CORNER-STONES OF SUCCESS.

BY ALBA MALONE.

I LOVE boys; I always have loved them, I always expect to love them. And when I say boys, I mean boys—men under twenty-one. After they pass that age, most of them get hard and cynical and selfish and worldly. So, give me the boys.

The "sweet sixteen" girl *debutante*, I know, is considered the most charming thing in the universe; but—pardon my lack of taste—*I* have generally found her very insipid. But a boy is never insipid, because he is always natural. He is frank, chivalrous, confiding, quick-tempered probably, perhaps stupid and awkward and homely, and always keeps things at "sixes and sevens" just because he's a boy and can't help it; but he's never insipid; and at his worst or at his best, I love him. And because I love him, I want him to succeed; and that's why I am writing this article.

START RIGHT.

My first corner-stone is *to start right*. If Providence intended you to be a doctor, then be a doctor; if a farmer, then be a farmer. Don't let friends or relatives persuade you into this trade or that profession, when Providence didn't intend you for any such place. A few weeks ago, while in Tennessee, I saw a beautiful little Shetland pony harnessed to the tiniest dog-cart, in which were several children. As it sped past me, fleet as the wind, it looked like a fairy turnout. But suppose that pony had been hitched to an ox-wagon! If you are a Shetland pony, take care to keep away from ox-wagons. Stick to the work Providence intended you for.

How are you to know what you were intended for? Easily, my dear boy. What do you *love* to do?

Do you love to hoe your mother's garden? Then you are a farmer.

Do you *hate* figures and always stand foot in your arithmetic class? It is very certain, then, that Providence didn't intend you for a bookkeeper.

Every boy has some special talent, which, if cultivated, will insure success. To find this talent, he has but to ask himself the simple question: "What do I love to do best?"

DO YOUR WORK WELL.

Not long ago I watched a boy cord some trunks. I knew by the way he did it that he was not in the habit of cording trunks. I also knew, in spite of this fact, that he meant to do the work well. He drew the cords so tight and tied such Gordian knots that I thought it would take nothing short of an Alexander's knife to unloose them.

When he had finished I said: "Did you hurt your hands much?" He opened the right hand and displayed a dark-red bruise on the palm. I was sorry, and yet I was glad, too—glad that he had not flinched from doing his work well even though the cords cut into the flesh.

Cording a trunk is a small matter, and yet it showed up the boy's whole character—showed that whatever work he went at he would do it faithfully and conscientiously. This is the kind of boy that business men are looking for. Such a boy is bound to succeed.

KEEP AT IT.

I think it is the Germans who define genius as an "infinite capacity for painstaking." With equal propriety, success might be denominated, "An infinite capacity for keeping on."

"The race is not always to the swift"; more often it is to the tireless, sleepless plodder, like the tortoise in the fable. I have known men, brilliant, promising men, who never achieved success in any direction. Why? They didn't stick to any one thing long enough. To be successful in whatever calling, it is necessary to first serve a faithful apprenticeship. But the fickle-minded man does not realize this. He thinks that a talented amateur like himself is more than a match for the most painstaking plodder. The world does not agree with him, however; and when he fails, as he inevitably will, he lays the blame on Fate or Luck or Chance, instead of on his own indolence and stupidity, where it belongs.

The genius, like the poet, may be "born, not made"; but he who expects to become a success by virtue of raw genius is about as wise as the fellow who proposes to get through the world on the strength of his grandfather's title. The truth is, there are too many talented amateurs already. The world is flooded with them. What the world wants is the honest, faithful, painstaking workman, who is willing to serve a lifetime, if need be, to master his art.

Look at the failures in the world. In a majority of cases you will find that they are men who have prepared themselves for no special calling in life; they won't do this and they won't do that; they won't submit to any sort of drudgery, which is an all-essential in any calling; they won't begin on whatever salary they can get, and gradually climb up to the top of the ladder; they must begin at the top, and draw one hundred and fifty dollars a month at the very start, or they won't begin at all. It don't take such men very long to tumble to the bottom; and they generally stay there.

Talent! It is about as likely to carry you to your destination as a Palace Pullman car without the attachment of the steam-engine. The steam-engine is a black, smoky, ugly thing; there's neither poetry nor romance about it; still, whenever I start on a trip, I make sure of my engine first thing.

HELP OTHERS.

I once knew a man who was quite a study to me for some time. He was not handsome, he was not smart; he was just an average, commonplace young man, so far as I could see. But I liked him. Everybody liked him. I felt that the man had power and that he was going to be a success in life. But what was the secret of his power? That was the question that puzzled me.

One night at an Epworth League meeting he made a talk. He said: "I have heard men say, it was none of their business whether other people got to heaven or not; it would be as much as they could do to get there themselves. But I don't agree with them. To a great extent, I *am* my brother's keeper. It *is* my business to help other people as well as myself; and if I try to squeeze in through the heavenly gate by my lone self, I doubt very much whether I get in or not. I think the gate will be shut before I get there."

He said a good deal more, and before he got through I found out what the man's power was. He wasn't living a narrow, selfish life; he was helping other people whenever and wherever he could. Sometimes the help was almost imperceptible, and the person helped did not *know* it, but merely *felt* it, as I had done. Sometimes it was but a bright smile flung across your path on a dark day, or a cheery "How d'ye do?" when you felt as if you hadn't a friend in the world; or a strong, warm hand-clasp when Death had claimed one of your nearest and dearest. A smile, a word, a hand-clasp—trifles all—but bringing how much help and comfort to the sore-hearted!

To help others is to help one's self in a twofold way: first, it develops our own muscle and makes us stronger; second, it provokes help from others toward ourselves.

"One kindness claims another,
As surely as the sun
Draws up the willing moisture
From the soil it smiles upon."

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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